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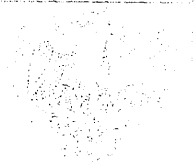
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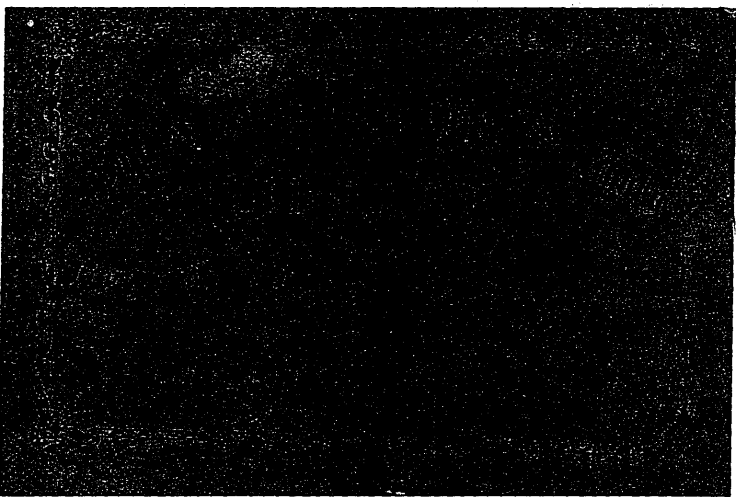
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TROPHIES OF SONG;

Articles and Incidents

ON THE

POWER OF SACRED MUSIC;

FOR

PREACHERS, CHORISTERS, SUPERINTENDENTS,
AND READERS GENERALLY

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS,

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE EYE TO THE HEART."

With an Introduction

BY DR. E. TOURJÉE.

I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam,
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song, in the wilderness rest,
From the pillar of stone to the blue of the blest,
And the angels descending to talk with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China," and "Mear."

B. F. TAYLOR.

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TO MY FRIEND,
EBEN TOURJÉE, Mus. D.,

WHOSE EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF "THE SPIRIT AND
TRUTH OF SINGING" HAVE BEEN SO
VALUABLE AND SUCCESSFUL,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume on the mission and power of sacred music, which I am invited to introduce to the christian public, answers a long recognized want of the churches. It supplies pastors, superintendents and choristers with opinions and suggestions of christian writers and teachers upon the subjects of congregational singing, praise-meetings, and other uses of music in christian labor. It contains, also, many well selected incidents, which will be found interesting and valuable not only to the student of hymnology, but also in the Sunday-school, the praise-meeting and the church service, to quicken the appreciation of our standard hymns. I believe it will exert a healthy and healthful influence upon sacred music in our land. The injunctions of the Bible, the history of the church, the trophies of song as a spiritual power, that are to be

found upon its pages, enforce the demand for a more general and hearty use of music as a religious force, and a most necessary element of worship. The evidences that the church is coming each year more and more to appreciate its importance, should be a source of joy to the hearts of believers. At length in the day of Christ's triumph the powers of darkness shall cry, as did the enemies of the reformation, "By their songs we are conquered."

E. TOURJÉE.

BOSTON, December, 1874.

PREFACE.

FOR several years the editor of this book has been collecting incidents in regard to the history and power of popular hymns, for his own use in Praise Meetings and on other occasions.

That collection is now offered to others for similar use, with the hope that it will inspire a deeper interest in the spiritual meaning and power of sacred song.

Our thankful acknowledgments are due for interesting hymn incidents taken from "Belcher's Historical Sketches of Hymns," and Cuyler's "Heart Life." W. F. CRAFTS.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

NOTE.—The Compiler would be grateful for any incidents about hymns, not published in this volume, that any of its readers may send to him for future editions. A praise meeting circular, entitled "Historic Hymns," containing nearly all the hymns referred to in these pages, has been prepared, and is sold by the publisher of this book, at \$7 per hundred, or 10 cts. each.

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PROEM.

SENT TO HEAVEN.

"I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best ;
But I had my task to finish,
And she was gone home to rest.

"To rest in the far bright heaven :
Oh, so far away from here,
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

"I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet,
I longed for an Angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

"I placed it one summer evening
On a Cloudlet's fleecy breast ;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

"I gave it the Lark next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar ;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

"To the heart of a Rose I told it ;
And its perfume, sweet and rare,
Growing faint on the bright blue ether,
Was lost in the balmy air.

"I laid it upon a Censer,
And I saw the incense rise ;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

"I cried in my passionate longing,
'Has the earth no Angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send ?'

"Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

"And I felt in my soul's deep yearning
At last the sure answer stir :—
'The music will go up to heaven,
And carry my thoughts to her.'

"It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the Music's outspread wings.

"I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech ;
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.

"And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate :
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait."

Adelaide Proctor.

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise."

"Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it *reach the skies*."

"Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above."

"The great salvation *loud proclaim*,
And shout for *joy* the Saviour's name."

"With calmly reverential joy,
Oh, let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir,
The endless song above."

St. Augustine thus describes the effect which the music had upon him as he entered the church at Milan the first time after he was converted to Christianity: "The voices floated in at my ears, the truth was distilled at my heart, and the affection of piety overflowed in sweet tears of joy."



INTRODUCTORY ARTICLES

ON THE

POWER AND USE OF SACRED MUSIC.



SINGING FOR JESUS.

A YOUNG Scottish lady of rank, whose heart the Lord had touched and opened, longed to draw others within the circle of a Saviour's love; but among the gay and proud who were her companions, the merry jest, the gay laugh, and the light and frivolous manner of her associates, hindered every effort, and seemed to hedge her way before her on every hand. Discouraged and sad, oppressed with the burden of the Lord, and knowing not how to attain the desire of her heart, she carried the matter to God in prayer, and, as was her custom, closed the day with a song of praise. Shortly after she had finished her song, her serving maid entered the room in tears, and besought her to sing again the sacred words, and in broken accents told how those strains had touched and melted her heart.

"No words of entreaty," said she, "could ever affect my soul as those plaintive songs to which for weeks I had listened, as my mistress poured out in them her love for the Redeemer, and her faith and trust in him."

Sleep fled that night from the eyes of the young disciple, in the new joy and thankfulness that filled her heart at the discovery of the blessing God had granted upon the songs she had sung. "That talent," she said, "I have consecrated to God. I will sing for him; and if through this means I may touch souls, my happiness shall be complete."

From this time, she devoted herself to the study and expression of sacred song; and while she touched with skill the various instruments on which she had learned to play, her voice of wondrous power would entrance and thrill her hearers. It was the outgushing of her joyous heart; the thanksgiving of a redeemed soul; her testimony, poured upon careless ears, concerning the wondrous love of him who came to save our race; who cares for all his creatures; who gathered little children to his arms, and whose blessing crowns with joy the saint of God, even down to hoary hairs. Many were charmed and cheered with her songs. The sweet story of old, thus rendered, seemed to possess new power to melt the careless heart. In cottages and halls, in

the drawing-room of wealth and the homes of humble life, she sung her songs for Jesus, while with lifted heart she sought his blessing on the offering; and ere many months had passed away, she had the delight of knowing that numbers of those around her had, through the songs she sang, been led to taste the joy which she tasted, being brought up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and placed upon the Living Rock, and having a new song put in their mouths.

THE choir of a church in New York city have truly consecrated their gift of song to the service of Christ. Not content with leading the praise of the great congregation, they are earnest song-workers in the Sunday-school. And they do not stop here. An aged blind woman will tell you how often they make her lonely home happy, bringing to her visions and dreams of the beautiful land. No wonder the dear old soul, in humble, but heartfelt appreciation, breaks in upon the strains which they sing, with her tender, "Bless the Lord!" If you follow these song messengers after they

have left the blind Christian, you shall find them among the sick and dying. The sufferer forgets his pain, in listening to their melodies; and the spirit that is going home, floats peacefully away to its rest in heaven.

Church and Sunday-school singers everywhere might well ponder the blessed example of this choir, and join them in making the waste places around them vocal with "songs of the beautiful."

MUSIC IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE cradle of music as an art, in the sense *we* understand it to-day, may be traced back to that of Christianity; and, with the growth of Christianity, music, as an eminently Christian art, began to flourish, and accompanied, as a faithful servant, the altars of the new gospel.

We have no real knowledge of the exact character of the music which formed a part of the religious devotion of the first Christian congregations. It was, however, purely vocal.

Instrumental music was excluded, at first, from the church service. It was despised, as having been used by the Romans at their depraved festivities; and every thing reminding them of heathen worship could not be endured by the new religionists. As late as the fourth century, St. Hieronimus says, speaking of the degraded state of Roman spectacles, "A Christian maid should not know what a lyre or a flute is, and what their use is." This strict confinement to purely vocal music, was, however, more adhered to in the churches of the Occident; for in the Orient, with the multiplication of Christian congregations, the custom of introducing instrumental music in the church service, after the manner of the heathen, became more and more general.

It is presumed that some of the hymns and psalms of the early Christians were taken from the Hebrew temple service, and some were of Greek origin. The peculiar versification of the Psalms gave rise to the *antiphonal* or *alternate chant*, sung by priests and people. This form, being also used at the services of the Greek temple, was no doubt imitated by

the Oriental Christians; and from them it found its way to the churches of the Occident. How much the first Christians loved their hymns and singing, and resolved not to abandon them, even amid the greatest persecutions they were exposed to, is proven by a passage of Plinius from the beginning of the second century. He says, "On certain days, they will assemble before sunrise, and sing *alternately* (antiphonal) the praise of their God." And another writer, speaking of the sect of Therapeutists, says, "After supper, their sacred songs began. When all were arisen, they selected from the rest two choirs,—one of men, and one of women,—in order to celebrate some festival; and from each of these a person of majestic form, and well skilled in music, was chosen to lead the band. They then chanted hymns in honor of God, composed in different measures and modulations, now singing together, and now answering each other by turns."

Also that persons of all ages and of both sexes participated in the singing of psalms and hymns, is proven by a passage of St.

Eusebius; where, speaking of the consecration of the new churches, he says, "that there was *one common consent* in chanting forth the praises of God; the performance of the service was exact; the rites of the church were decent and majestic; and there was a place appointed for those who sang psalms,—*youths and virgins, old men and young.*"

The more the new religion found disciples, the more it was found necessary to bring unity into the form of the church service: and, as singing of hymns and psalms formed a principal part in it, St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan from 374 to 397, not only encouraged the setting and composing of hymns, but he also collected many among those already in use; and history attributes to him the having chosen and fixed four diatonic scales, as a foundation for the music of the hymns.

But in those times, though new Christian churches sprang up everywhere amidst persecution, it was not yet possible to preserve a uniform manner in the music, which made such an essential part of the service. The melodies and chants of St. Ambrose changed, and lost much of their primitive purity.

It was then reserved to St. Gregory the Great, who was at the head of the Christian Church from 591 to 604, to reform and regenerate the entire musical part of the church service.

St. Gregory was not only full of religious enthusiasm, but he was also fond of, and a connoisseur in, music. He collected the best hymns existing, is said to have written and composed many himself, arranged the liturgy for the Christian service according to the Church year, and had the whole written in a book, called an Antiphonar, which he deposited upon the altar of St. Peter, fastened with a chain, and which he intended to serve as a foundation and unchangeable direction for all time to come.—*Ritter's History of Music.*

CHURCH MUSIC IN THE FIRST PART OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

THE following memoranda were made in the early part of the 18th century regarding the church music:—“they sung with decorum if not ability”—and again the singing was “like

five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time."

To remedy this state of things, it was proposed about the year 1729, by some daring innovators, that the people should learn to sing by note. Then followed a combat. Surely singing by note, said the fathers, can be nothing else than a device of the devil. "Truly," says a writer in "The New England Chronicle," in 1723, "Truly, I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by note, the next thing will be to pray by rule, preach by rule; and then comes popery." When a man learned to read notes so as to sing a melody he had never learned, many of the astonished people considered him a witch. The controversy raged furiously and gave rise to curious arguments and "cases of conscience." The virtuous contemners of notes objected to the reading of music,—

"1. That it was a new way,—an unknown tongue.

"2. That it was not so melodious as the usual way.

"3. That there were so many tunes, one could never learn them.

"4. That the new way made disturbance in churches, grieved good men, exasperated them and caused them to behave disorderly.

"5. That it was popish.

"6. That it would introduce instruments.

"7. That the names of the notes were blasphemous.

"8. That it was needless, the old way being good enough.

"9. That it was only a contrivance to get money.

"10. That it required too much time to learn it, made the young disorderly, and kept them from the proper influence of the family, &c., &c."

It was discussed with great solemnity:—

"Whether it was proper for one to sing, and all the rest to join only in spirit, and saying Amen, or for the whole congregation to sing. Whether *women* as well as men, or men alone, should sing. Whether pagans (the unconverted) be permitted to sing with us, or church-members alone. Also, whether it be lawful to sing psalms in metre devised by man, or whether it be lawful to read the psalm

to be sung, and whether proper to learn new tunes which were uninspired."

But at length the new hymns were introduced, and those who sung them were not carried up the chimney on broomsticks, as was expected.

THE MASSACRE OF CHURCH MUSIC.

THERE has been an effort made for the last twenty years to kill congregational singing. The attempt has been tolerably successful; but it seems to me that some rules might be given by which the work could be done more quickly and completely. What is the use of having it lingering on in this uncertain way? Why not put it out of its misery? If you are going to kill a snake, kill it thoroughly, and do not let it keep on wagging its tail till sundown. Congregational singing is a nuisance, anyhow, to many of the people. It interferes with their comfort. It offends their taste. It disposes their nose to flexibility in the upward direction. It is too democratic

in its tendency. Down with congregational singing, and let us have no more of it.

The first rule for killing it is to have only *such tunes as the people can not sing.*

In some churches it is the custom for choirs at each service to sing *one* tune which the people know. It is very generous of the choir to do that. The people ought to be very thankful for the donation. They do not deserve it. They are all "miserable offenders," (I heard them say so,) and, if permitted *once* in a service to sing, ought to think themselves highly favored. But I oppose this singing of even the *one* tune that the people understand. It spoils them. It gets them hankering after more. Total abstinence is the only safety; for, if you allow them to imbibe at all, they will after a while get in the habit of drinking too much of it, and the first thing you know they will be going around drunk on sacred psalmody. Besides that, if you let them sing one tune at a service, they will be putting their oar into the other tunes and bothering the choir. There is nothing more annoying to the choir than, at some

moment when they have drawn out a note to exquisite fineness, thin as a split hair, to have some blundering elder come in with a "Praise ye the Lord!" Total abstinence, I say! Let all the churches take the pledge even against the milder musical beverages; for they who tamper with champagne-cider soon get to Hock and old Burgundy.

Now, if *all* the tunes are new, there will be no temptation to the people. They will not keep humming along, hoping that they will find some bars down where they can break into the clover-pasture. They will take the tune as an inextricable conundrum, and give it up. Besides that, Pisgah, Ortonville, and Brattle Street are old-fashioned. They did very well in their day. Our fathers were simple-minded people, and the tunes fitted them. But our fathers are gone, and they ought to have taken their baggage with them. It is a nuisance to have those old tunes floating around the church, and some time, just as we have got the music as fine as an opera, to have a revival of religion come, and some new-born soul break out in, "Rock of Ages

Cleft for Me!" till the organist stamps the pedal with indignation, and the leader of the tune gets red in the face and swears. Certainly, anything that makes a man swear is wrong — *ergo*, congregational singing is wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum*; which, being translated, means *Plain as the nose on a man's face*. What right have people to sing who know nothing about rhythemics, melodies, dynamics? The old tunes ought to be ashamed of themselves when compared with our modern beauties. Let Dundee and Portugese Hymn and Silver Street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago in a church—just where I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir sang, as near as I could understand, as follows:—

“Oo—aw—gee—bah
Ah—me—la—he
O—pah—sah—dah
Wo—haw—gee-e-e-e.”

My wife, seated beside me, did not like the music. But I said, “What beautiful sentiment! My dear, it is a pastoral. You might

have known that from ‘*Wo-haw-gee!*’ You have had your taste ruined by attending the Brooklyn Tabernacle.” The choir repeated the last line four times. Then the prima donna leaped on to the first line, and slipped, and fell on to the second, and that broke and let her through into the third. The other voices came in to pick her up, and got into a grand wrangle, and the bass and the soprano had it for about ten seconds; but the soprano beat, (women always do,) and the bass rolled down into the cellar, and the soprano went up into the garret, but the latter kept on squalling as though the bass, in leaving her, had torn out all her back hair. I felt anxious about the soprano, and looked back to see if she had fainted; but found her reclining in the arms of a young man who looked strong enough to take care of her.

Now I admit that we cannot all have such things in our churches. It costs like sixty. In the Church of the Holy Bankak it costs one hundred dollars to have sung that communion piece:—

“*Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor!*”

But let us come as near to it as we can. The tune "Pisgah" has been standing long enough on "Jordan's stormy banks." Let it pass over and get out of the wet weather. Good-bye, "Antioch," "Harwell," and "Boylston." Good-bye till we meet in glory.

But, if the prescription of new tunes does not end congregational singing, I have another suggestion. Get an irreligious choir, and put them in a high balcony back of the congregation. I know choirs who are made up chiefly of religious people; or those, at least, respectful for sacred things. That will never do, if you want to kill the music. The theatrical troupe are not busy elsewhere on Sabbath, and you can get them at half price to sing the praises of the Lord. Meet them in the green-room at the close of the "Black Crook," and secure them. They will come to church with opera-glasses, which will bring the minister so near to them they can, from their high perch, look clear down his throat, and see his sermon before it is delivered. They will make excellent poetry on Deacon Goodsouls, as he carries around the missionary-

box. They will write dear little notes to Gonzaldo, asking him how his cold is, and how he likes gumdrops. Without interfering with the worship below, they can discuss the comparative fashionableness of "The Basque" and "The Polonaise," the one lady vowing she thinks the first style is "horrid," and the other saying she would rather die than be seen in the latter—all this while the chorister is gone out to refresh himself with a mint-julep, hastening back in time to sing the last hymn. How much like heaven it will be when, at the close of a solemn service, we are favored with snatches from Verdi's "Trovatore," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," and Bellini's "Somnambula" from such artists as:—

Prima Donna Soprano,
MADEMOISELLE SQUINTELLE,
from Grand Opera House, Paris.

SIGNOR BOMBASTANI,
Basso Buffo,
from Royal Italian Opera.

CARL SCHNEIDERINE,
First Baritone,
of His Majesty's Theatre, Berlin.

If after three months of taking these two

prescriptions the congregational singing is not thoroughly dead, send me a letter directed to my name, with the title of O. F. M., (Old Foggy in Music,) and I will, on the receipt thereof, write another prescription, which I am sure will kill it dead as a door-nail, and that is the deadest thing in all history.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

CHURCH MUSIC AS AN AID TO PREACHING.

I SPEAK to-day of music as an auxiliary aid in preaching. The sermon is but one element in a whole movement of worship, which should be developed in a kind of unity. Music, in its capacity to do good, stands next to preaching. It takes the truths which have been presented in intellectual forms, and which satisfied one part of the mind, and by rendering them in song satisfies other elements of our being, thus rounding out and completing acts of worship. If a man had the greatness of Shakespeare, he could not through the reason alone touch all the foundation chords of feel-

ing in the human soul. In our churches, music must fill the demands of the æsthetic emotions, or they must remain unsatisfied in our worship. This is provided for in Roman service, and to some extent in Episcopal service; but not at all in the plain worship of our fathers, where all was extemporaneous, and made dependent upon the minister. Nothing is more common, therefore, than to see persons brought up in the faith of the Quakers, or in the simple worship of the Puritans, go over to these communions. The explanation is not on doctrinal grounds or ecclesiastical affinities, but simply because they feel the need of an element of worship not found in our ordinary services.

In churches congregational in form, almost everything in worship is left with the minister. It is the good fortune of a society if it have a pastor having a genius to develop this element of worship; if it have not such a pastor, there is no provision for it in our economy. Every minister in the Roman Catholic Church knows music, for it was a part of his clerical studies; and should be of ours.

Every minister should be able not only to conduct on special occasions musical service, but he should make it a part of his care, his anxiety, in the development of the religious life of his people, to make music indispensable. He should devote his time and energy to it just as he would to any topic of discourse. Let him preach about it, and be in earnest in preaching. Let the people sing the songs of the church at their homes. Have the same hymns in the Sunday-school and in the church. Have but one book, and that the same at home, in the Sunday-school, the lecture-room, and in the great congregation. In that way you will teach the people on every side.

No general rules can be given for the selection of hymns in public service. My selection is usually on a psychological plan. Some hymns I have taken because they came—because they volunteered. Something in the moral atmosphere suggested them. If the congregation is jubilant, the work of selection is easy. Hymns containing self-condemnation are to be used somewhat as we whip children.

Let it be quick and soon over. I do not believe much in yokes and clogs, or in men who go almost bowed down. It is not a healthful state; it is like chewing medicine. The normal state of religion is joyous. When the storms come, the flowers and grass all bow down: but when the storm is past, they straighten up, shake off the drops, and are the next day stronger than ever. If you give out a doleful hymn—an awful hymn, to get the people down to you, you will be likely to get them down and leave them there. Such hymns are to be given as medicine should be, in broken doses; and homœopathic at that. I generally open with a happy, cheerful hymn, one calculating to express a holy familiarity with God—one on which the soul can lift itself up to see God with Christ, the vail between. Do not give out your sermon in your hymns, unless it be one of those rare hymns which liquefy your sermon and keep it in solution till, in preaching, you shall give it in form. Hymns may be very different from the sermon, yet be working in the same direction.

Wesley and Watts are the two wings of hymnists, and few can soar as they can. Many recent compositions substituted for these are like the japonica, exquisite in form and appearance, but without perfume. Don't emasculate your hymns to suit a certain class of people. This generation of eunuchs, demanding short prayers, short hymns, and short sermons, will never make one man out of ten thousand fit for the kingdom of heaven. In the prayer-meeting, the Bible and the hymn-book are a whole library, and he who knows how to use them knows enough to be a missionary or a minister most anywhere. As for the use of the liturgy, which so many people call for, I have nothing to say against that upon which my mother's soul was fed during a large part of her life, and which feeds and comforts me when I don't take it too often. But there is nothing grander in worship than the living force of song on men, from the Pentecost down.

As to church music, the first question arises in regard to instrumental music. The instruments formerly employed, as the flute, the

violin, and the bass-viol, are not to be despised. But since, in the growing intelligence and taste of the people, the old prejudice against instrumental music has measurably died out, the organ has become preeminently the instrument for worship. It is the most complex and majestic of all musical instruments. It is the synonym of majesty, grandeur, power, and sweetness. It contains nearly all sounds: the note of the song-sparrow, the sweetest singer of all birds; the voice of the thunder, the roar of ocean waves, and almost the blast of the last trumpet. While so much has been taken out of our religion in these days, I thank God that the organ is left.

What is the first function of the organ? Well, I don't know. It usually greets us as we enter the church, each bearing his own burden. If you could only let down a screen as we enter, hiding the world, and shutting out its cares and fears! It is for the organ to take up the congregation and wash them clean in its sound; to disperse impressions of the world; and to raise the people into a higher æsthetic feeling. I am accustomed to

think of the organ and the people, on a Sabbath morning, as a fleet of boats within the harbor. The organ furnishes its flood-tide of music, and the people are brought up and carried along upon the current as ships at sea. John Zundel, the organist at Plymouth church, has often told me that I helped him by my sermons; but he don't know how much he has helped me with his organ. Often I have gone into my pulpit jaded and worn out, and he has played something which has inspirited me and lifted me up until I could see the very flash of the gates. But not all organists are Zundels. It is shameful the way the organ, that splendid, magnificent instrument, is abused by certain miserable musical miscreants, who have only a professional reputation to look after. These musical monkeys, dancing up and down in waltzes, with a lengthened chord here and there long drawn out to give it a Sabbath sound, furnishing music to which the young people danced two nights before, desecrate the house of God.

There is no need of going beyond music adapted to the organ, for there is the ac-

cumulation of four hundred years. Little written by Von Weber or Mendelssohn, and nothing, I think, by Beethoven or Mozart, is unfit for the church. But there is music, which is not merely gay but frisky, which organists introduce because it is popular.

The position of the organ in the church is not unimportant. If placed behind the minister it throws him out, so that the people will be all around him; which is a great help. In that position it aids the congregation more than when placed in rear of the pulpit. I would have it placed back of the minister, if I had my choice, but anywhere rather than not have it. In any place it is likely to fill the church.

You will ask whether it is better to have choir or congregational singing; and I answer, both. I am fanatical on the subject of congregational singing. It is an element of power in worship which is very limitedly developed. It is the singing which draws the people to Plymouth church, not the preaching.

A choir is necessary to have the best kind of congregational singing. There must be a

leader, and a choir is a kind of multiplex leader essential in large audiences. But it is said, there is always a quarrel in the choir. Well, if they will monopolize that thing, so much the more desirable. There must always be a quarrel somewhere. It may be between the pulpit and the pews; and it may be in the pews. It bobs about from place to place; and it is nothing strange that it sometimes jumps up in the choir. But let the minister infuse into the people—both choir and congregation—the idea that in music there is worship, and he will remedy this evil. Lowell Mason used to open his service of song with prayer, and he had no trouble. When a choir is leavened with religion, there is no more danger of quarrels there than between the deacons and elders. I expect when persons join my choir, they will in due time come into my church.—*H. W. Beecher in Yale Lectures.*

THE BIBLE AUTHORITY FOR CHURCH MUSIC.

I CANNOT understand how any Christians who pretend to accept the Bible as a rule of faith and practice should have silenced singing in the churches. I cannot understand why the Puritans should have shut out the organ, and the Quakers, the choir. That is an unsolved and an insoluble puzzle.

Take up your Bible and trace in its pages the history of music. The first inspiration God gave to man was a musical inspiration. First of arts was music; first of artists was Jubal, "the father of all those who handle the harp and organ." Before painting, drawing, sculpture, architecture, came music. Before men learned how to write, they learned to sing; as the baby crows with a musical song before ever his lips have learned to form "papa" and "mamma."

The years rolled on. The enslaved Israelites stood on the banks of the Red Sea. Before them rolled its waves; behind them pressed their task-masters. The critical hour in their

history had arrived. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward," said the Lord. And feeble faith, enforced by strong fear, triumphed; and forward they went, though the waves of the sea laved their bare feet. Through its massive waters they passed dry shod, and on the other side they stood an emancipated nation; and then, in their very birth-hour, they joined in the very first act of public and national worship (for the Pass-over was celebrated in families, not in a national concourse); and that act of worship was a song. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord." . . . "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."

Nearly five hundred years pass by. Israel has emerged from its probation in the wilderness and from its experiences of anarchy in the Holy Land; and the nation has been organized under David; and the wandering church has taken down its tabernacle for the last time; and all the people gather in Jeru-

salem to the consecration of Solomon's Temple. And again music is employed to embody the pent-up praises of that glad hour in a choral service, the like of which the world has never seen. Four thousand trained voices, accompanied by an orchestra of cymbals, and psalteries and harps, join in a grand chant of praise to the Almighty God, who has made and preserved them a nation, singing in unison —led by one hundred and twenty trumpets —that magnificent Hebrew refrain:—

“Praise the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.”

So the church which was born in song and cradled in song enters upon its manhood's life baptized in a wave of song, whose ample volume, filling the whole Temple, is quite sufficient to justify this metaphor even in the eyes of the most vigorous immersionist.

A thousand years pass by. The Jewish church has finished its mission and draws near its death. The Lord is about to lay the foundation of the new church in his own blood. He calls his disciples together; and before as yet his body has been broken and his blood

shed, he breaks the symbol of the one, and pours out the symbol of the other, and in that Last Supper inaugurates the church, whose mission will not end till the refrains of earth are lost and merged in the grandest refrain of heaven. Again song is summoned to grace the sacred hour; the echoes of the past and the prophetic anticipations of the future unite in the hymn which brings to a close the most sacredly solemn service the world has ever witnessed or ever can.

And yet in the face of this sacred history the Puritans banished the organ, and the Quakers the choir! In the face of this sacred history there are scores and hundreds of churches, which are neither Puritan nor Quaker, where there is never heard the voice of praise. There is a lecture given in one end of the building and a concert given in the other; but the voice of genuine, heartfelt, sincere praise is never heard. The few moments consecrated to music are devoted by the minister to finding his place in the Bible, or refreshing his memory respecting his sermon, and by the worshipers to adjusting their

own dresses and studying those of their neighbors.

I once attended an ordination service in which, after a long sermon and a long prayer, a good old minister arose, hymn-book in hand, "To relieve the tedium of these exercises," said he, "and—ur—to the glory of God, we will sing the — Psalm." The good old man, more frank than polite, gave expression to the common sentiment concerning the use of church music. In a certain nameless parish, the people were accustomed to turn about and face the choir. The minister remonstrated. "Why," said one of the ladies of his charge, who occupied a front pew, and who was more candid than most of the congregation, "it is the only chance I get to see who is in church, and what they have got on."

Most men regard the creed as the test of the church. I think its music is a fairer test. The church that lets four people in the choir do all the singing, is pretty sure to let the minister do all the praying. The church that sings with strong and united voice in the great congregation may lack wisdom, prudence,

caution, but it is pretty sure to be a live church, a working church, a praying church, a harmonious church. There is nothing that so warms the heart as singing; nothing that so breaks down barriers of pride and caste, nothing that so cures quarrels, nothing that is such a highway from earth to the very throne and heart of God.

Every revival of religion has been a revival of music. Every decadence of piety has been marked by a decadence of singing.

David certainly believed in congregational singing—"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," "Let all the people praise thee." But there are some people who can not sing. Well, he has a prescription for them—"Shout!" "Make a joyful noise before the Lord."* Anything will be better than silence. It was not a bad suggestion, that of a sarcastic friend of mine, who proposed an amendment of Psalm LXVIII, to adapt it to modern times. It should read, he

* On reading this over to my wife, she having the fear of discordant notes before her ears, begs me to note the fact that the noise must be a *joyful* noise to be a Scriptural addition to congregational singing.—*Editor Christian Union.*

said, "Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let four people in the gallery praise thee."

The apostolic church believed in congregational singing. When they had all things in common, be sure song was in common. They went from house to house breaking bread and *praising God*. I believe the first employment of professional singing as a substitute for congregational singing, dates from about the fourth century. The priests were beginning to lay the line between laity and clergy. They were beginning to lay the foundations for the doctrine that no one can approach God acceptably save through the priest. They shut out the people from the altar, then from the pulpit, then from the choir. A law was made that no one should sing in church except those who were duly set apart for that purpose. Practically that law remains unrepealed to this day. There is nowhere congregational singing in the Roman Catholic communion, I think.*

* We must correct our contributor in this particular. How general the practice of congregational singing is in the Roman Catholic Church, we cannot tell, but it is not unknown there. The writer of this note has rarely heard more effective devotional

But the Reformation was an outbreak not only of thought but also of song. It marched singing to victory. The congregations caught up the songs which Luther gave them, and his hymns and music did as much to awaken Europe as his preaching. Again the church settled down upon its lees. Again devout and earnest servants of God, the Wesleys in England, undertook to awaken it, and Methodist hymns are as characteristic as Methodist theology; the lyrical contributions of Charles Wesley wrought contemporaneously with the execution and theological labors of his brother John.

Did you ever know a choir to interpret adequately the praises of God in the time of revival? Did you ever notice how Christians that never sang before go about the house

singing, than on one occasion in the noble cathedral of St. Stephen's, in Vienna. The immense congregation was made up from all classes in society, fine ladies, gentlemen, beggars, common soldiers, children, all mingled indiscriminately. The voices of all mingled in a low, long-continued chant; the words we could not distinguish, but the music was full of fervid and tender pathos. The great multitude of voices, all in low, repressed tones, the plaintive and almost weird character of the melody, the mingling of so diverse an assemblage in common devotion, produced one of the most impressive religious effects we ever witnessed.— *Editor Christian Union.*

in such times singing to the Lord, making sometimes poor melody with their voices, but always making melody in their hearts?

Look forward into the far future. Draw aside the vail and get a glimpse of the glories of the other world, the final church of the first-born, whither we are marching, and whither all saints have marched, singing from the days of Jubal to the present day. There is no preaching there; for we shall no longer see God darkly, but face to face. But the whole heavens ring and ring again with the songs of praise.

“And when he had taken the book, the four beasts (living ones) and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints. And they sung a new song, saying, ‘Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out every kindred, and tongue, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on earth.’”

There is a choir there and a grand one too. But the choir cannot voice the praise of heaven.

“And I beheld and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts (living ones) and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, saying with a loud voice, ‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.’”

There is a chorus there, but not even a chorus, whose numbers are ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, is adequate to interpret the thanksgiving of the universal church in its hour of triumph and in its joy of love.

“And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, ‘Blessing and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.’”

Ah, yes! in heaven, not the select choir,

not the paid chorus, but the great congregation, with every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, unite to utter the praise of him that sitteth on the throne and of the Lamb forever.

Christian brother, if you want a church that shall have in it the power of the church of David, teach it to sing; if you want a church that shall have in it the spirit and enthusiasm of the Apostolic church, teach it to sing; if you want a church that shall prepare for the Church of Mount Zion above, teach it to sing.

Now abideth preaching, prayer, praise, these three; but the greatest of these is praise.—
Christian Union.

PRAISE MEETINGS.

1. EVERY worshiping assembly should be in some measure a praise-meeting; and every one should be in some measure a prayer-meeting and a love feast as well. Distinctive names indicate no exclusive appropriation of the time to one sort of service, but sug-

gest the meeting's central and characteristic element. In our large assemblies on Sunday, the sermon is the central thing. By some this is complained of, but even they, in practice, yield the point. It is inevitable; and it is as it ought to be. There ought to be services at which instruction and exhortation, the message from God through the lips of one of his ambassadors, is the principal thing; and, at such services, if the sermon be pointless and lifeless, it is impossible that any addenda, whether musical or liturgical, should redeem the occasion. Men find it so, in fact, and though they complain about it, it cannot be changed, and it ought not to be. Just so there are services in which mutual conference is the central idea, and no eloquence of any one man's address will make a social meeting successful if sociality is lost. And there are meetings in which all the suggestions and all the songs should gather round the central purpose of united and wrestling supplication; —prayer-meetings, properly so called. Why should there not be services also whose controlling idea is praise? It has come to us of

late, as a new thing, but we fall, forthwith, to wondering why it was not long ago an old thing, established among the usages of the churches.

A praise-meeting is a service in which we seek to worship God, and to edify each other in sacred song. Not that song is essential to praise, but that it is a natural, and beyond question, a scriptural aid in it. Sacred music is a sacrament appointed by God, and approved in the experience of all devout souls. Singing is the main thing in these meetings; —the prayer, the Scripture lesson, the instruction and exhortation all being held subsidiary to the one design to fill the singing with the true spirit of praise.

2. There is a place for such meetings. There is use in them. Great spiritual profit may be gained by them. It is worth something that they give variety to our services, and break in upon the slavish routine of our public worship. For routine-worship—no matter what the forms may be, whether gaudily ritualistic or Puritanic in simplicity—cannot but terminate in formalism. Its successive

exercises become things of course, which, if they move orderly, with no hitch, no failure, no embarrassment, do not oblige a man even to open his eyes. All that he needs is that some one wake him in time to receive the benediction. It is also worth something that a praise-meeting will attract to the sanctuary many who would come to no other service; for it may be so conducted as to bring close home to such hearts the vital truths and the most searching appeals of the gospel. Let them be persons musically inclined, and set them to singing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," or "Rock of Ages," or "Just as I am," after showing them what such hymns mean, and if their hearts are not reached, it is doubtful whether they could be reached by any sort of appeal.

It is an advantage of very great weight, possible to be gained through such meetings, that the service of song, on other occasions, may be raised above the level of mere musical performance to that of real praise. They will tend to educate the people towards hearty congregational singing; and towards a higher

thing also—leading us to think what we sing—to mean what we say in singing, and to make the worship thus offered to be “in spirit and in truth.” It is matter of actual experience that these meetings have brought hearty worshipers into conscious and very close and sweet communion with their God and Saviour, so that going away, they have said, not how dreadful, but how gladsome is this place: this is none other but the house of God: this is the gate of heaven.

3. But praise-meetings are not without their perils of evil. The special dangers attending them may be grouped, I think, under one head, and gather about one liability. It is that the true idea of worship will be lost: that the praise-meeting will degenerate into a so-called sacred concert, and churches competing with each other will prepare their programmes, as theatres do, with reference to tickling the ear rather than reaching the heart. But is even this liability peculiar to such meetings? Certainly not. In prayer itself we have known sense to be sacrificed to sound, and the real fervency of a reverent

spirit standing with real confidence and awe in the conscious presence of the Heavenly Father, caricatured in the ghostly tones, or mighty roar, or flooding verbiage, of supplications made to be heard of men. In preaching, too, how constant the temptation, how great the demand for sensationalism! Whatever aims at sensuous effects, seeking, as the main thing, to draw a crowd by coming down to the level of its thinking and its tastes—this is sensational; deservedly rebuked as sacrificing the spiritual to the material, the worship of God to the pleasing of men.

4. Though admitting the existence of this peril in connection with praise-meetings, we don't see in it a reason for abjuring them. *Carefully make* them what they purport to be, and the danger will be avoided, and rich benefits will be secured. Towards this end it is obviously necessary that the accompanying exercises should be such as will evidently separate these meetings from mere concerts. Let there be the reading of Scripture and prayer at the beginning and at the end of the service. Each hymn should be introduced

with some brief and telling word, not to explain why such a hymn was chosen, but to set the truth it expresses home to the consciences and hearts of all. Sometimes a single sentence full of meaning will do this. Sometimes the address may safely occupy three or four minutes of time. This part of the service should not seem to be hurried, should not be treated as an intrusion, but should be recognized as belonging to the very heart of the matter. Again, too great prominence must not be given to instrumental music; not because of any unscriptural prejudice against instruments, or against any sort of instruments. An organ is no holier than a trombone or a banjo, and if a banjo would assist, bring it in. But too much instrumental co-operation does not aid, but rather hinders the congregational singing. Your song is taken out of your mouth. Your voice is lost in the din. The singing in Plymouth church is a sufficient witness to the way in which a choir backed by the organ alone can lead a vast assembly forth in song. The thousands in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle are led by a single pre-

centor. A band, in either of these congregations, would be voted a hindrance, if it were called by no harsher name. Again, too many performances of the mere tune give a prominence to that element, and exalt the sensuous musical performance at the expense of the worship of God. People find themselves watching to see how the thing is done; criticising the manner of it, or the taste of it, the rhythm or the melody, and forgetting the weightier matter for which they have assembled. For this reason we ought, also, to avoid calling in to our aid famous singers, such as must needs abound in solos and duets, and such choir performances as are most fitly called *executions*. It will be desirable that in some of the exercises the choir should lead and the congregation rest; but then, as always where worship is the end in view, simplicity, distinctness, the due utterance of the hymn are to be secured, even though the singer be not glorified.

Finally, let the programme for such a meeting be carefully and prayerfully wrought out beforehand. Let there be unity in it, and

each hymn be the right one in the right place. The progress of thought should be as real and as logical as in the plan of any sermon. The impression to be made should lie as distinctly before the leader's mind, and the exercises be as skillfully adjusted to secure it, as in the case of any other service.

Such praise-meetings are within the reach of any congregation, large or small. Such meetings will be useful anywhere. If we speak confidently it is because we testify that we have seen. It is our own experience of profit and delight in them which makes us desire that they had long since become the common heritage of all our churches. — *Rev. W. C. Pond in Christian Union.*

REFERRING to these praise-meetings, which seem somewhat of Boston institution, *The Examiner* remarks:—

“Every new phase of religious opinion, or religious life, has some reason why it should exist—emphasizing some want of our being which has been, or is likely to be neglected; and hence, it is to be studied and intelli-

gently turned to account. If the 'praise-meeting' owes its existence to the fact that we have been slighting the elements of praise in our religious gatherings—or to the fact that the people want to do their own singing, rather than listen to the performance of a paid quartette, by all means, let us learn these lessons. We think these *are* the facts which make Dr. Tourjée's innovation take so with the religious people of sober New England, while the novelty of a brass band draws in the curious, and helps to crowd the house. Let us, then, give our churches all the chances to sing they want, under the guidance of a competent, and, at the same, a devout leader; and in combination with such chances to speak and pray as may make the enthusiasm developed by a praise-meeting, yield substantial results in the conversion of sinners, and the strengthening of saints. There is no doubt that singing—especially the singing of a large and well-trained congregation—is quite as legitimate, and possibly as effective a means of grace as praying or preaching. You can sing men into the kingdom as well as pray

them in. But true Christian praise will ever contemplate religious ends. It will never degenerate into mere recreation."

A SAILOR was converted. In the glow and gladness of first love he was heard to exclaim, "To save such a sinner as I am! He shall never hear the end of it."

Sometimes men in unchristian anger use the threat against an enemy, "He shall never hear the end of it." Here, in Christian triumph, it was beautifully used by the rejoicing sailor. Through all eternity the saved shall praise the Saviour. "He shall never hear the end of it."—*Times of Refreshing.*

"PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE."

THERE is not a little discrepancy between the exhortations of Holy Scripture respecting singing the praises of God in our acts of worship, and the practices of our congregations. "Oh, come," they say, "let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before

his presence, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms." "Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous acts." "Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth." "Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye people." "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises." "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;" and as though human voices could not be loud enough in their "joyful noise," the Psalmist exhorts to praise him with the trumpet, the psaltery, and harp, the timbrel and pipe, with stringed instruments and organs, and high sounding cymbals. Singing and praising are joined together, and sometimes they are interchanged. Song is the natural language of gladness; and with loud and joyful song the worship of Mount Zion was offered.

And *we* are come to Mount Zion, the spiritual Zion, of which that in Jerusalem was the type. The conservatism of Judaism was to end with the Pentecost which baptized the Church with heavenly fire and holy joy. It

might, therefore, well be inferred, that Christian worship would be more free, hearty, and warm, and also shared in by a larger number of participants, were it not that all—"young men and maidens, old men and children"—were expected to "praise the name of the Lord," even in that colder dispensation. We cannot read the Apostolic counsels to some of the early Christian churches without noting the unanimity and joyousness which were to characterize their songs. "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." And again, "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." The instruments of the Jewish worship receive no allusion by the apostles, not because they were inconsistent with Christian worship, but because the Christians did not have them, and the places of their assembling were unadapted to them. The God of the Christian had not become changed by the introduction of the higher joy of the new

dispensation; He had revealed himself more fully and preciously, and the hearts and voices of his people could sing and praise more sweetly and triumphantly.

How many of our Christian congregations illustrate in their public worship what the Scriptures authorize one to expect who is ignorant of the facts, except as he has learned them from the holy book? In how many do the "young men and maidens, old men and children," make it a part of their business in the sanctuary to sing the praises of God?

A pastor opened his first service in a city church with the hymn commencing,—

"Arise, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;"

expecting that as the choir began to sing, the congregation would indeed "arise," stand on their feet, and, a few of them, at least, open their lips and "bless the Lord." But not one of them moved, not one of them sang; they sat upon their seats, and were dumb. So ridiculous was the scene in his eye, and so much of a burlesque upon that glorious hymn, that though it was a favorite with him, he

never again asked them to sing it. Equally unadapted to our methods are others of our hymns. Either they or our practices need revision. Let the minister read,—

“Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion’s city, sing ;”

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;”

“Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;”

“Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise ;”

“And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,”

words which imply that either with or without a choir to lead them, *the people* are to sing the hymn, and then let the only response to the call be in the performance of a half dozen out of the hundreds who are present, and they in a gallery far removed from the body of worshipers, and we have an exact specimen of what often occurs. Verily, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.

The truth is, singing is a part of our public worship. At a concert we listen and criticise; we go for that purpose. We have nothing to do but pay our money, and get the best we can. The singers are performers, and we are the auditors. In the church, we are worshipers, and not mere auditors; and performers in the orchestra, the pulpit, or the pew, are an abomination and a mockery.—*Zion's Herald*.

JOHN WESLEY ON SINGING.

“EXHORT *every* one in the congregation to sing, and not one in ten only.

“Suit the tune to the words.

“Avoid complex tunes, which it is scarcely possible to sing with devotion. Repeating the same words so often, especially while another repeats different words, shocks all common sense, necessarily brings in dead formality, and has no more religion in it than a Lancashire hornpipe.

“Do not suffer the people to sing too slow.”

At Neath, where the minister of the parish was just dead, the church-wardens announced that Wesley would preach in the parish church.

He did so, but says: "I was greatly disgusted at the manner of singing. 1. Twelve or fourteen persons kept it to themselves, and quite shut out the congregation. 2. These repeated the same words, contrary to all sense and reason, six, or eight, or ten times over. 3. According to the shocking custom of modern music, different persons sung different words at one and the same moment; an intolerable insult on common sense, and utterly incompatible with any devotion."

One of his own societies beginning to practice that artistic and exclusive style of singing, Wesley cured the evil very summarily. Arriving at Warrington, he says: "I put a stop to a bad custom which was creeping in here. A few men, who had fine voices, sang a psalm, which no one knew, in a tune fit for an opera, wherein three, four, or five persons sung different words at the same time! What an insult upon common sense! What a burlesque upon public worship! No custom can excuse such a mixture of profanity and absurdity."

BISHOPS COKE AND ASBURY ON "THE SPIRIT AND TRUTH IN SINGING."

"The singing of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs in the congregation has been allowed by all the churches of God in all ages (one modern society excepted) to be a part of Divine worship, and *from its very nature* it evidently belongs to the *whole* congregation. It would be unseemly for the minister alone to sing. But if this be the duty of one member of the congregation, it must be the duty of all who have voices for singing; and there are very few who may not join in the *tenor* part, all defects of their voice being swallowed up in the general sound. Few things can be more pleasing to the Lord than a congregation with one heart and voice, praising his holy name. . . . From these remarks we surely must be sensible of the necessity of confining themselves to *simple* tunes, as the *fugue tunes* have an unavoidable tendency to confine to a few this part of Divine worship, which belongs to the whole. And those, we think, have made few remarks on public wor-

ship, who have not observed, on the one hand, how it deadens devotion, and only at the best, raises an admiration of the singers and not of Christ."

CALVIN ON CHURCH MUSIC.

"If the singing," he said, "is such as benefits the reverence which we ought to feel when we sing before God and the angels, it is an ornament which bestows grace and dignity upon our worship; it is an excellent method of kindling the heart, and making it burn with great ardor in prayer. But we must at all times take heed lest the ear should be more attentive to the harmony of the sound than the soul to the hidden meaning of the words."—*Guizot*.

THE WORSHIP OF GOD IN MUSIC.

Much has lately been written with reference to "congregational singing," the "annoyances of choirs," the "godlessness of quartettes," and a dozen other ills which fret the souls of men and women, in an unmusical way. Indeed, if we are to believe some writers and

talkers, the devil seems to have possession of one end of the church, while the minister holds the other; and, in the meantime, the congregation is an emotional shuttlecock between the two, which is kept well in motion for three hours on Sunday. It is not my purpose to dispute the truthfulness of these points. On the contrary, I believe that what has been stated is more than half correct; but the question which has frequently arisen in my mind, is whether or not there may be some means of escape from the disagreeable position without altogether relinquishing an attendance upon church services; and also whether or not some of the unpleasantness may be due to the fact that congregations, instead of worshiping God in and through music, resolve themselves into assemblages of critics, ready to pick at flaws, but never inclined to praise the Master, nor to discover the spirit of adoration in anthems sung by others.

The fact is, judging from observation, this great cry of complaint very generally arises in those congregations that lack sympathy in singing. In proof of this, let the reader look at the faces which compose the audiences of many

churches while the choir is singing; and the result will be a sight which will make the mind wonder at the listless, expressionless countenances before him. The sentiments of the hymn may be those of gratitude for the joys of religion; but no emotions of pleasure light up the features of many of the worshipers. Some assume a weary attitude, as if it were hard work to remain standing while the four verses are being sung; some do not stand at all, but remain seated, as though they were not able to make the exertion necessary to arise upon their feet; some gaze from point to point, eager to see the varieties in costume and the entrance of those who are late; some look as though they had "no part or parcel" in the songs of God; and others shrug their shoulders at occasional discords, and finally sit down, relieved when the music ceases. A few sing with the "heart and understanding."

Does any one suppose that such worship is acceptable to God? Does any one dream that this means anything like praising Him in the congregation? May it not be that the singing by the choir is credited to the choir alone?

And may it not be that the recording angel writes down the lamentable fact that not one-sixteenth of the whole church have the disposition to lift up their poor souls above their pews.

In view of this state of affairs, it may positively be asserted that it is the duty of all Christians to sing! Sing so willingly and powerfully, so warmly and feelingly, that no one will think of discords, or indeed care for them! This is the kind of music which has the wings of adoration. This is the kind of music which mounts upward like the eagle, instead of flopping and floundering, like a blundering bittern in the swamps! And it is such music which takes the spirit of the pastor and bears it upward to altitudes from which he catches views of the glories of heaven, while he stands transfigured in the glory of the Saviour, and speaks with an energy which darts like an electric flash from soul to soul.

Enter our Sunday schools while the children are singing. Does anybody think of discords? By no means? Little Tommy is a quarter of a tone below the key, and so is Nellie; but no one knows anything about the matter. The grand

gush of harmony is so powerful and beautiful as to swallow up those little defects, and to round the rough notes into an aggregate of sweetness. Happiness is written on every face. Meaning in every note. Worship is in every tone. Heart and soul are in every nook and corner of the room. Away with the formal, soulless music of the congregation. It needs the sunshine which pervades the Sunday school. It is sadly in want of earnestness, Look at the boy down yonder in the class. Watch his upturned face, all aglow with the joy that fills his heart; notice his enraptured looks. Do you suppose that a thought of sports or of mischief is in his mind at this moment? No! There is no lip service there. He is truthful at this moment, if never again.

I would not turn church services into Sunday school exercises; but I would advocate the idea that every professor of religion should sing both from a sense of love and duty. If such a course were to be adopted, we should hear less of this grumbling about choirs and organists. Never shall I forget a little experience of my own touching this very point. I had for many

months attended church, only to find myself annoyed by poor singing; and at last became nervous and fidgety over the subject. To tell the truth, I continually listened with the expectation of hearing "discords" and "flats" and "breaks." Oh! how the perspiration stood upon my forehead, sometimes, when a large number of strangers were present; for they were almost certain to look around at the choir, as much as to say, "Where on earth do those tones come from?" One evening a very large audience was present. The first hymn was sung by the choir in an execrable manner, very few of the congregation joining in singing. I was vexed. I did not see the beautiful sentiments in the poetry! I did not feel any religious emotion. I believe that I could have seen the whole choir sink through the floor with no small degree of satisfaction! In the meantime a poor negro came in, and was seated in the pew near me. When the second hymn had been given out, I prepared myself for another state of "madness." The choir began in the same disagreeable style. But hark! There was a new voice in the audience added to the music. It

rose clear and beautiful above the expressionless notes of the choir. It was filled with a pathos which seemed almost divine. My ear followed in its flight. Almost unconsciously I began to sing. I forgot my vexation and nervousness; and for once, at least, my soul worshiped God in music! The old negro had preached me a sermon which I cannot forget. He had sung with the "heart and the understanding."

Let us all stop grumbling and begin to sing. Let musical committees of churches secure the best choirs and the most skillful organists which their means will afford, and then let Christians remember that these are but mere accessories, which, under no circumstances, are to take the place of individual duty. From the first note of the voluntary to the closing strain of the doxology, thought, mind and soul should take wings upon themselves. Sometimes it seems that it would be better to be the poor, ignorant Catholic, counting his beads and chanting his "Ave Marias" with a blind, steady purpose, than to be the enlightened professor of religion, upon whose passionless spirit the music of the sanctuary falls without awakening any re-

sponse! Who are those who shall be considered fit to stand before the throne and cry, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty?" Who are those who shall take up the everlasting anthems of heaven and praise the All Father? Certainly not those of us who are too indolent to sing while we are upon the earth—we who cavil and find fault—we of whom it cannot be said, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."—*Musical Bulletin*.

SINGING IS DEVOTION.

Mr. Beecher remarked, at the opening of a Lecture-Room Talk,—

"We must take incidents as they come, to illustrate truth. I suppose any one brought up as I was, and as most New England people were, without much thought of the meaning of the hymns or music, would not be surprised at certain neglects or carelessness of behavior during singing. I remember seeing my dear old father in the pulpit, when the people were singing, take out his pencil and work away at his sermon; and I've seen him do the same at prayer-

time. Boy as I was, it shocked me. I see the same thing in the congregation. In the midst of the hymn, which is a prayer, "Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord; in thee I fix my trust," somebody came and handed Mr. ——— a note, and he, thinking it was a good time, came and handed it to me. I laid it down on the table.

"If I had been praying, and Mr. ——— had come up and twitched my coat, handed me the note, and I had stopped and laid it on the table, you would have been shocked; the matter would have been inquired into by the deacons. Yet we were singing,—

"When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail.

"From strife of tongue and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.'

"In the midst of these words I got the note. The thing was devoutly meant, but it shows the manner in which we slight our singing. Many hymns are better than prayer. Some of us are

never so near to God as in hymns. There are certain hymns that contain the Christian's vital blood. I will not blame you. I know how you have been brought up. Singing is devotion; through it we can offer up the heart to God. Hymns are not always solemn, but cheerful and gleeful sometimes. In our singing we should be earnest and sincere, the same as in prayer.

CONSECRATED VOICES.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN writes of Jenny Lind:—

“On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused and compelled either to beg or steal.

“‘Let me,’ said she, ‘give a night’s performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!’”

“Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

“‘Is it not beautiful,’ said she, ‘that I can sing so?’

“Through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget one’s self in the service of the Supreme.”

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

IN the mountains of the Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out, when it is bedtime, and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for the answering strain from off the water, and continue to sing and

listen, till the well-known voices come borne on the tide, telling that the loved are almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman as the shadows gather round him, and how they strengthen and tighten the bonds that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea. Truly, it is among the lowly in this world that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.

As we near our heavenly rest may the songs of welcome come out to us from the "*redeemed at home.*"

SONGS AT THE DEATH BED.

FROM a sermon commemorative of the life and character of Dr. Stockton, preached by Rev. Alexander Clark, his associate for some years in the pastorate, we copy the following passages:—

One day, when raised up in bed from a severe struggle, from which for a time it was doubtful whether he could recover, he said, in the midst of it, "This is the way it will come, you see. If it should come now, or in any of these struggles, the very first thing

you will do will be to thank God that it is over so easy. By all means, instead of grieving, be thankful. . . . Don't grieve, or be worried, or wish the doctor had been here. It's all right as it is."

At another time he awoke from a sleep which was so quiet as to cause his watching children to entertain fears that he might never awake in this world, and said, so sweetly,—

" 'And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For His redeeming grace.' "

He afterward quoted a score or more of hymns and poems, among them, the following :—

" 'In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem ?
'Tis only Jesus by His blood
Can raise a sinking soul to God !

" 'Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity !' "

A few days later, he said, "There are three passages of Scripture that are of peculiar in-

terest, as expressing at different times my condition. The first is this:—

“‘What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.’

“Then I got on so I could say,—

“‘I will trust in the Lord and not be afraid.’

“And then I got on farther, until I can now say,—

“‘Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.’”

Another time: “I tell you, my son, that I am very near the end. I must have the doctor’s candid opinion to-night; and if he says it is so, I will say, ‘Thank the Lord!’ ‘The sting of death is sin; the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!’ There is no sting in death to me. That is all taken away, and now the victory is mine!”

Still later, these are his words: “O God! How I desire, and how my desires do increase, to know things as they are; to be at the center of all intelligence, and understand all the truths in nature, providence and grace; to see my Saviour as He is:—

'Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed. ' "

Again, to his skillful and truly Christian physician, Dr. William Stiles, who for years had been a bosom friend, he said, " I am approaching the moment which I have always considered of the greatest importance — extinction, or continuance of being.

" Philosophy says — Extinction !

" Infidelity says — Extinction !

" Sense says — Extinction !

" Faith says — Immortality !

" Religion says — Immortality !

" Christianity says — Immortality !

THE HYMN WRITERS IN HEAVEN.

I LOOK again, and see another gallery, that of *eminent Christians*. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his Church, and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and

around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield, and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries: David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted,

with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed,—

“Must *you* be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?”

Toplady shouts in his old hymn,—

“Your harps, ye trembling saints !
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.”

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied,—

“A charge to keep *you* have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky !”

[*Talmage.*

“MEANING OF HYMNS.”

THERE is this fact to be attended to in teaching a hymn: the sentiment needs to be explained so that the child may understand it, This is even the more needful on account of the metaphors with which all poetical composition abounds. Even the figures drawn from incidents in the Bible history, will need full and repeated explanation. These figures are more frequent than we suppose, and more obscure to the minds of young people than we are apt to think. A Philadelphia pastor in the course of a lecture before the Sabbath-school Association, related this fact: While listening to his infant-school singing a familiar Sunday-school song, he caught this expression: “I’m climbing up Ziah Zill!” He listened attentively. It was repeated again and again; the whole school was singing away with the utmost spirit, but with not a ray of understanding, the chorus of Mr. Phillips’ hymn, “I’m climbing up Zion’s Hill;” and every time they put it “Ziah Zill!” A new light fell upon the pastor’s mind. His little folks had been singing that piece nearly

two years. But upon questioning them, they had not even the most shadowy idea of what was meant by the words which they were singing. The prevailing notion, so far as there was any notion at all, seemed to be that "Ziah Zill" was some sort of a huge person, over whom imaginary infants were climbing and tumbling after the manner of little folks in their romps with papa. We will not stop to say how that infant-class was taught the meaning of the figure, "Climbing up Zion's Hill." But doubtless thereafter they sang their hymn with "the spirit and with the understanding also."

We are persuaded that a close examination would reveal the fact that like errors exist in the minds of many children, concerning the metaphors that run through the hymns and songs in common use. Or, at least, that there is great ignorance of the meaning and application of those metaphors. The explanation of such figures will not only be profitable to instruct, but will prove vastly helpful in interesting the children in the hymns, and so promote the facility with which they may be

taught. The reading of the hymns from the superintendent's desk, may be accompanied with brief explanations of the metaphors. A Scripture story, some gem of history, a touching personal experience, or a description of some natural phenomenon, will often thus give point and interest to this usually dull exercise. And the subsequent singing of the hymn will be with an enjoyment, and zest, and intelligence before unknown.—*Sunday School Times*.

CHRISTIAN UNION IN HYMNS.

SINCE the Church has been divided into many branches, each has had its sweet singers, whose music has gladdened all the rest. It was Toplady, a severe Calvinist, who gave us "Rock of Ages." Men differ about the Atonement—they almost call each other heretics and outcasts in their difference about it; but when that hymn is sung, every heart rests upon the one Redeemer. It was a Wesleyan, an Arminian, who sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Side by side are Watts and Wesley, Church of England and Dissenter. Faber, a devoted

Catholic, wrote that hymn which breathes the highest spirit of Christian submission, "I worship Thee, sweet Will of God." Madam Guion, an unquestioning Catholic, wrote, "O Lord! how full of sweet content." Xavier, one of the founders of the Jesuit order, wrote, "Thou, O my Jesus! Thou didst me upon the cross embrace!" While the Church of England was convulsed by the greatest struggle it has known within this century, Keble, closely attached to one of the contending parties, wrote the hymn that the whole Church delights to sing. It was a strongly pronounced Unitarian who wrote, "O Love divine, that stooped to share." A Unitarian gave us "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The controversies over the orthodoxy of that hymn are as dry and cold and dead as the stones Jacob took for his pillow; and meanwhile souls mount up by it toward heaven, as did the angels on the ladder Jacob saw.—*Christian Union.*

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

THERE are two women seated together, plain women, say forty-five or fifty years old. They have good, open, friendly faces. Plainly dressed, modest and silent, save when they conversed with each other, you had hardly noticed them. Perhaps there was the least touch of rural life about them. They would make capital country aunts to visit in mid-summer, or mid-winter, for that matter. If they were mothers at all, they were good ones. So much you see, if you know how. Well, it was wearing on towards twelve o'clock of the night—the reader is requested to believe that this is no fancy sketch—when through the dull silence there rose a voice as clear and mellow and flexible as a girl's, of the quality that goes to the heart like the greeting of a true friend. It belonged to one of those women. She sat with her white face, a little seamed with time and trouble, turned neither to the right nor the left, seemingly unconscious that she had a listener. They were the old songs she sang, the most of them, songs of the conference

and the camp, such as the sweet young Methodists, and Baptists withal, with their hair combed back, used to sing in the years that are gone. First it was,—

“Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,”

and then,—

“Our days are gliding swiftly on.”

The clear tones grew rounder and sweeter. Those that were awake listened; those that were asleep awoke, all around her. Some left their seats and came nearer, but she never noticed them. A brakeman, who had not heard a “psalm tune” since his mother led him to church by the hand when he was a little boy, and who was rattling the stove as if he were fighting a chained maniac, laid down the poker and stood still. Then it was,—

“A charge to keep I have,”

and so hymn after hymn, until at last she struck up,—

“I will sing you a song of that Beautiful Land,

The far-away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,

While the years of eternity roll.

“Oh, that home of the soul ! in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see :
And I fancy but dimly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me.”

The car was a wakeful hush long before she had ended. It was as if a beautiful spirit were floating through the air. None that heard will ever forget. Philip Phillips can never bring that “Home of the Soul” any nearer to anybody. And never, I think, was quite so sweet a voice lifted in the storm of a November night on the rolling plains of Iowa. It is almost a year ago. The singer’s name, home, and destination no one learned, but the thought of one listener follows her with an affectionate interest. Is she living? Surely singing wherever she is. I bid her Godspeed. She charmed and cheered the November gloom with carols of the Celestial City. She passed with the dull dawn of the coming morning out of our lives, and there is a strange ache at the heart as we think so. Whoever heard her that night could write her epitaph. They could say—they could write,—

“SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
WOMAN WITH THE SONGS
IN THE
NIGHT.”

—*B. F. Taylor, in the Examiner and Chronicle.*

DURING an interruption to a conversation in a large drawing-room, the silence was suddenly broken by a gust of melody such as is rarely heard. One trill succeeded another, most exquisite in the cadences; at one moment brilliant in execution, at another dying away into an almost indistinct warble. As the song ceased, exclamations of admiration and delight poured forth from all present. On inquiry, we were told that the little songster had been purchased from a German, who, while engaged in teaching it to sing the beautiful melodies we had been listening to, always kept it in a room perfectly dark. Had it not been thus imprisoned in darkness, it would never have given the attention required, and learnt that

“—mazy running soul of melody”

which had afforded so much pleasure.

And is it not so with the child of God? Do we not learn our best, our sweetest songs about the "long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth" of our heavenly Father in the night of affliction and trial? Have not our hearts been taught strains we should never have known in the sunshine of ease and prosperity? This world, as compared to heaven, is a "dark place;" yet it is here, in the midst of the still darker seasons of tribulation, our hearts are attuned for their part in the glorious choral of the skies. It is here the Lord prepares his people for that "song which no man can learn but" those "who are redeemed from the earth." Then let us patiently endure the surrounding darkness, whether of affliction or trial. We are only detained until we have been so taught to sing "the song of the redeemed" as to be fitted for the heavenly choir—to add our notes to that flood of melody, that august pæan which shall ever rise up, as "the sound of many waters," before "the throne of God and the Lamb."—*Selected.*

MANAGING THE FEELINGS.

YOU cannot have antagonistic feelings together. If a child is angry, the nurse tries to make him laugh; and he won't, he strives against it, because when the laugh comes, away goes the temper. Our feelings are set like a board on a pivot; and if this end is temper, and that end is good-humor, when the temper goes up the good-humor goes down, or when the good-humor goes up the temper goes down. So it is in respect to all the feelings; they exist in opposite pairs; and the way to put down a bad feeling is to find out the feeling which is opposite to it, and stimulate that. This is in accordance with the law of the mind. And the singing of sweet hymns and tunes will go further to cast the devil out of men's minds than any other exorcism which I know of.

PASTA'S IDEA OF THE ART OF SING-
ING.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

MADAME PASTA remarked that most people, when they study a song, never pause to read and study the words, but set to work at once upon the air. This, she observed, was very absurd; and she advised Miss Vaughan, before beginning to learn an aria, to master the full meaning of its words, so as to give them their right expression. "A song," she said, "is a dramatic recitation; only, instead of speaking, you sing it. If it is cheerful, you must contrive, without exaggeration, however, to phrase it mirthfully; and if tragic, with as much dignity as you can command." She then imitated, to our great amusement, the ordinary young lady's style of singing a sentimental ballad, in a monotone about as expressive as a fish-woman crying "herrings!"

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

A PECULIAR OPINION.

ABOVE all, these insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sounds with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mind—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.—*Charles Lamb*.

THE THOUGHTLESS USE OF HYMNS.

WE really do wish that our ministers were always careful in the selection of their hymns, that they may be appropriate and seasonable. We have heard a hymn written to describe winter and to draw from it appropriate lessons, read to be sung in the sultry heats of July or August; and some time ago, an aged minister, in a large, intelligent, and pious congregation, announced, on a bright Sabbath morning, the beautiful evening hymn written by Edmeston,—

“Saviour, breathe an *evening* blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal.”

What a lamentable indication of bad taste!

A still more ludicrous scene, arising from a similar cause, has been described to us by a Methodist clergyman, in one of the papers of that body of Christians. He says,—

“I had preached my last sermon at a favorite appointment on my first circuit. The people had been kind and generous, and I loved them dearly. The house was full; it was

my final appeal to the flock beloved; and, though almost overcome with emotion, I had got through, somehow, with the 'farewell sermon,'—my first and last. I knew that, either from sympathy or sorrow, the congregation was sharing largely in my feelings,—that I was not alone 'in the melting mood.' As I sat down, overwhelmed with grief at the sore parting, a local preacher, whom I had invited to close the service, rose, and, opening the book at random, read, in solemn tones, the hymn commencing,—

“ ‘Jesus, we lift our souls to Thee :
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
*And let this little infant be
Baptized into Thy death !*’

The effect of this *malapropos* selection you may possibly imagine, but I cannot describe.”

Another illustration of inappropriate hymns arises from the custom, allowed by some ministers, of permitting the choirs to sing voluntaries at all times and under all circumstances. We have heard a doctrinal sermon directly opposed by the “voluntary” sung after it; and we have just read of the choir of a very

large congregation in Massachusetts, which sang at the funeral of a man of distinction, with great unction,—

“Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove.”

—*Belcher.*

How careful superintendents ought to be in their choice of hymns. Those who, heretofore, have been wanting in this respect, should, with awakened consciences, ponder over the following: “At a recent Sunday-school Anniversary, a hymn by Dr. Watts was given out, and a chorus added to the verse. The first verse was,—

“‘There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,’ etc.

Then came the chorus,—

“‘Oh, that will be joyful,’ etc.

The second verse followed,—

“‘There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains.’

Then followed the chorus, as before,—

“‘Oh, that will be joyful!’”

—*Sunday-School Times.*

A MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

TALKING of an organ reminds me of an old church, near by, whose members, in time past, had conscientious scruples about this instrument, although they had none concerning the use of a band of music in sacred service. In the conventicle to which I refer, the trombone was played by that famous performer, Mr. Perkins, distinguished for many miles around for his "lung power." On one occasion, the conductor was drilling his choir on a piece of music which he fondly hoped would win great *eclat* for himself and his choir on the following Sunday evening. A fine passage marked *pp.* occurred in the piece, which would have produced an exquisite effect if it had been rendered with that delicacy the leader endeavored to suggest and enforce in the usual manner. But instead thereof, the trombone of Perkins blew a blast that would have taken the walls of Jericho clean off their foundations. Consternation and dismay were depicted on the countenance of the

horror-stricken conductor. "Mr. Perkins," said he, in a stern voice, "you have ruined me. What do you mean by playing in that outrageous manner?" "Why, sir," replied Mr. Perkins, meekly, "I played according to the marks in my book." "Let me see your book, sir," said the conductor. "There, sir, is not this strain marked double *p*?" "Certainly," said Perkins. "And pray, sir, what do you understand by *pp*?" "As I understood, and understand it, in this case, double *p* means, 'Put in Perkins'—and I did it." "You *did*," repeated the conductor, his disgust giving way to the humor of the thing, and he ordered a recess for half an hour.—*Selected.*

HOW SHALL WE SING IN THE SAB- BATH-SCHOOL?

WITH the spirit and with the understanding also. With spirit, life, animation. The effect of a good hymn is often lost by a slow, dragging movement. The children become listless and inattentive, and gradually drop off from the exercise, so that it is not a rare case that the closing verses are sung by a small mi-

nority of the school. But the expression, "with the spirit," means much more than this. It includes a reverent singing of the words, making them our own, and feeling the full force of them on our hearts. Hence all conversation and laughter, all inattention and irreverence in this exercise are highly improper.

"With the understanding also." If children were asked, "Understandest thou what thou singest?" they might very appropriately reply, "How can I except some man should guide me?" And here is where we have failed of deriving the full benefit of music in the Sabbath-school. Hymns should be explained to the school, the allusions to Scripture pointed out. The Superintendent should read and explain one verse, question the children on the verse and explanation, then the verse should be sung. Two or three verses should thus be sung, seldom more. Thus the truth would be fixed in the mind, and could be recalled, whenever the hymn is sung, by a few leading questions; and impressions be made whose results eternity alone can disclose. To illustrate my idea, I will take a familiar

hymn, and explain it as it might be explained to a Sabbath-school.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

This verse is a prayer. We pray that we may be nearer to God, that we may always remember he is near, be more like him, love him more, and serve him better. Questions: What is this verse? For what do we pray? What do we mean by that? What should we remember? Whom should we be more like? Whom should we love more? Whom should we serve better? Answers should be given by the whole school in concert, and sing verse 2d,—

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Jacob was fleeing from his brother Esau,

whom he had defrauded of his birthright and blessing. "And he lighted on a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was down, and he took of the stones of the place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep, and he dreamed."

[Q. Who was the wanderer? From whom was he fleeing? Why? Where did he tarry all night? Why? What did he take for a pillow? What did he do there?] Sing,—

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given.
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it." [What did Jacob dream he saw? On what was the bottom placed? How high did it reach? Who were ascending and descending on the ladder? Meaning of ascending? descending? There let my way appear steps (a ladder) into heaven.] Sing,—

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise.

“And Jacob awaked out of sleep, and rose up early in the morning, and took of the stones he had put up for his pillows and set them up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it (consecrated it), and he called the name of the place Bethel—House of God.” [Q. What time did Jacob arise? What did he do with his pillow? What did he do to the pillar? What did he call the name of the place? Meaning of Bethel?] Sing.

Other questions and explanations will occur to a live Superintendent, and he should always point out the analogy between the hymn and the scripture on which it is founded. This, or something like it, will both interest and instruct a school, and do much to enable the scholars to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. The Superintendent might refer to the early history of Jacob and Esau, and at the close of this exercise might allude to our Saviour's explanation of this most remarkable dream, John i. 51, which teaches us that

our blessed Saviour is our only way of access to God, and that all our blessings come from God through the same divine medium.

Thus to elucidate a hymn will require preparation; but it is a labor that yields an hundred-fold to all who heartily engage in it. The Superintendent must decide what he will sing before he enters the school-room, seek out the Scripture to which allusion is made in the hymns, point out these allusions to the school, explain all difficult words and phrases, making all very plain, questioning on all the important points. Singing thus with the understanding, would probably be with the spirit also.—*G. C. Waterman, in S. S. Times.*

SINGING DOWN ANGER.

“I REMEMBER,” said Beecher on one occasion, “a remarkable instance which occurred in my father’s lecture-room during one of those sweet scenes which preceded the separation of the Presbyterian Church into the Old and New Schools. At that time controversy ran high, and there were fire and zeal and wrath

mingled with discussion; and whoever sat in the chair, the devil presided. On the occasion to which I refer, an old Scotchman, six feet high, much bent with age, with blue eyes, large features, very pale and white all over his face, and bald-headed, walked up and down the back part of the room; and as the dispute grew furious, he (and only he could have done it) would stop and call out, "Mr. Maudera-a-tor, let us sing 'Salva-a-tion;'" and some would strike up and sing the tune, and the men who were in angry debate were cut short; but one by one they joined in, and before they had sung the hymn through they were all calm and quiet. When they resumed the controversy, it was on a much lower key. So this good old man walked up and down, and threw a hymn into the quarrel every few moments, and kept the religious antagonists from absolute explosion and fighting. It is the nature of hymns to quell irascible feeling. I do not think that a man who was mad could sing six verses through without regaining his temper before he got to the end."

A GOOD deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion, and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go down behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

DURING a Western Sunday School Convention, there arose a cry of dissatisfaction, "A ring!" "A ring!" The strange and false charge was made that the managers were conducting the convention according to some recent scheme. Quite a discordant excitement ensued, during which a distinguished singer who was present, was called on to sing. He sang,—

"All this I did for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And rescued from the dead ;
All this I did for thee —
What hast thou done for me ?"

Through the song Christ seemed to whisper to the discordant convention, "Peace, be still," and when the song had ceased, a calm, Christ-like spirit had filled the convention and continued with it to the end.

ONE of the New York clergymen, who is a fine singer, on a recent visit to a mad-house, approached the cell of a maniac, who rushed for him as far as his chain would allow, shouting, "I'll kill you! I'll beat your brains out! Clear out!" Instead of moving, the preacher began to sing, "Our Home in Heaven." First, the madman listened; then he stretched himself out to the full length of his chain. First one arm relaxed, and then the other. Tears moistened his eyes. Then he coiled up on his bed of rags, as quiet as a child. And when the hymn was ended, he looked up, saying, "More, more." The preacher sang until his

strength gave way, and then he left. — "*Burleigh*" in *Boston Journal*.

AND Saul sent to Jesse, saying, Let David, I pray thee, stand before me; for he hath found favor in my sight. And it came to pass, when the *evil* spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. — 1 *Sam.* 16: 22, 23.

THE POWER OF CELESTIAL SONG.

ONE morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest, older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hoary trees
Waved and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their *Benédictes*;
And from the ground

Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered
Seeking the sunshine round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And with his eyes cast down
In humility he cried,—
"I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But alas ! I do not understand !"

And lo ! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet

Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And, instead of its sweet singing,
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward, sadly and in haste.
In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face."

The heart of the Monk Felix fell ;
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,

I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours !”

“Years !” said a voice close by ;
It was an aged monk who spoke
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall ;—
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow :
“One hundred years ago
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God’s grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same.”

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild boar’s hide,

Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and nevermore
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead !
And they knew at last,
That, *such had been the power*
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour !

— *From Longfellow's Golden Legend.*



INCIDENTS ASSOCIATED
WITH OUR
POPULAR HYMNS.

When Handel was asked why his music was so cheerful, he replied, "I can't make any other. I write as I feel. When I think on God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap from my pen."



"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

—*Charles Wesley.*

ABOUT the time that Isaac Watts was writing his earliest hymns at Southampton, in Southern England, two brothers were born in the little town of Epworth, who were destined to be better known over the world than any other two men whom Britain produced in that half century. While their godly mother (Susannah) was dying, she said to her weeping household, "My children, as soon as my spirit is released, sing a song of praise to God." Among the group who joined in this song of triumph with faltering voices, were John, the founder of Methodism, and Charles, its sweet singer. John was system; Charles was song. John was the Bezaleel who laid the foundations, and hewed out the pillars of the new tabernacle; but Charles was the Asaph who filled it with melody.

Methodism was builded rapidly; but the walls never would have gone up so fast had they not been built to music. Charles Wesley was

a born poet. Like Toplady, he was all nerve and fire and enthusiasm. God gave him a musical eye, intense emotions, ardent affections, and a glowing piety that never grew cold. He ate, drank, slept and dreamed nothing but hymns!

He must have been the ready writer of at least four thousand hymns. One day, while on his itineracy, his pony stumbled, and threw him off. The only record he makes of the accident in his diary is this: "My companions thought I had broken my neck; but my leg only was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns until—*next day!*" Truly a man must have been possessed with a master passion, who could have written a sentence like that.

Wesley found his inspirations "on every hedge."

He threw off hymns as Spurgeon throws off sermons. For example, when he was preaching to a crowd of rude stonecutters and quarrymen at Portland, he turned his appeal into metre, and improvised a hymn, in which occur the vigorous lines:—

“Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.”

Standing once on the dizzy promontory of Land's End, and looking down into the boiling waves on each side of the cliff, he broke out into these solemn and thrilling words:—

“Lo ! on a narrow rock of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible.”

For every scene and circumstance of life, for prayer-meetings, for watch nights, for love feasts, and for dying hours and funerals, he had a holy, impassioned lay. But, like Watts, Cowper and Toplady, he had his masterpiece. The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is “Rock of Ages,” and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's “God moves in a mysterious way,” and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's “God is our refuge,” then it may be said, also, that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song:—

“Jesus, lover of my soul !

Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the billows near me roll,

While the tempest still is high !”

Whatever may be said of Wesley's doctrine of perfect holiness, there is not much doubt that he attained “unto perfection” when he wrote this hymn. It is happily married, also, to two exquisite tunes, “Refuge and Martyn,” both of which are worthy of the alliance. The first of these tunes is a gem. The one central, all pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour.

The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter, until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child, nestling in its mother's arms, with the words faltering on its tongue,—

“Let me to Thy bosom fly !

Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !”

Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of the death-shade, with one beautiful child in its new-made

grave, and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we uttered oftener than this,—

“Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.”

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have cried this piercing cry, out of the depths,—

“Still support and comfort me.”

The whole hymn is at once a confession and a prayer. It is a prayer in metre. And no man is prepared to sing these words aright unless his soul is filled with deepest and most earnest longing after the Lord Jesus. What an awful blasphemy it is for unsanctified singers in a choir to perform this holy prayer merely as a feat of musical skill.

What college boy would dare to commit to memory the Lord's prayer, and speak it as a mere piece of declamation on the stage? Yet we do not see any difference between declaiming a prayer, and the heartless mockery of performing, for musical effect, such words,—

“Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past !”

Or that self-surrender for the dying hour,—

“Oh, receive my soul at last !”

Words like these are too infinitely solemn for frivolous lips in the concert-room or the organ-loft. When a congregation sings such a hymn as “Jesus, lover of my soul,” each person should feel as if he were uttering a fervent personal prayer to the Son of God.

The history of Charles Wesley’s incomparable hymn would fill a volume. Millions have sung it, and will be singing it when the millennial morn breaks.

A coasting vessel once went on the rocks in a gale, in the British Channel. The captain and crew took to the boats and were lost. They might have been saved had they remained on board ; for a huge wave carried the vessel up among the rocks, where the ebbing tide left her high and dry. In the captain’s cabin a hymn-book was found lying on his table. It was opened to a particular page, and the pencil still lay in it which had marked the favorite lines of the stout sailor, who was just about going into the jaws of death. While the hurri-

cane was howling outside, the captain had drawn his pencil beside these glorious words of cheer,—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !”

Blessed death song ! Thousands of God’s redeemed ones have shouted it forth as the “haven” of rest opened its celestial glories to their view. If we could choose the manner of our departure, we would wish to die singing,—

“Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.”
—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D., in “Heart Life.”

It is said that Charles Wesley was sitting

one day in his study, when a little bird that was closely pursued by a hawk flew into his open window, and thus escaped. He took his pen and wrote,—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly !”

A FINE, intelligent Virginian young man, while residing in the west, became an infidel and a blasphemer of the name of God. From this state he was delivered by reading the work of Soame Jenyns; but, while he acquiesced in the truth of revelation, he yet did not feel its power. He was attacked by a lingering and fatal disease, which led him to reflection and prayer, but often made it difficult for him to converse. Three Christian friends sometimes visited him, to beguile the tedious hours by singing. They one day entered his room, and, almost without any previous remarks, began the hymn,—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,”
and then,—

“The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain.”

He then said to them, "There is nothing I so much delight to hear as the first hymn you ever sung to me,—

'Jesus, lover of my soul.'"

We began to sing it to the tune of *Martyn*, and found the solemnity which had reigned in the little circle while singing the two former hymns began to be changed to weeping. We struck the touching strains of the second stanza; and the weeping became loud; the heart of him who had reviled Christ broke; and we feared that to sing the remaining stanza would be more than he could bear. When singing in his room a few days after this, he said, "I don't think I shall ever hear 'Jesus, lover of my soul' sung again: it so excites me that my poor body cannot bear it."

SEVERAL years ago, a ship was burned near the English Channel. Among the passengers were a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire,

and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued, and taken to Liverpool; but the mother and infant were carried overboard by the crowd, and, unnoticed by those who were doing all in their power to save the sufferers still on the ship, they drifted out of the channel with the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck, with her little one clasped to her breast.

Late in the afternoon of that day, a vessel bound from Newport, Wales, to America, was moving slowly along in her course. There was only a slight breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck, when his attention was called to an object some distance off, which looked like a person in the water. The officers and crew watched it for a time, and as no vessel was near from which any one could have fallen overboard, they thought it impossible that this could be a human being. But, as their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat and row to the object. The boat was accordingly lowered and manned. It was watched with con-

siderable interest by those who remained on board, and they noticed that, as it drew near to the drifting speck, the rowers rested on their oars two or three minutes, then moved forward, took in the object or thing, they knew not which, and returned to the ship. When the boat's crew came on board, they brought with them this mother and her child, alive and well; and the sailors said that, as they drew near, they heard a female voice sweetly singing. As with a common impulse, the men ceased rowing and listened, and then the words of the beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian, all unconscious that deliverance was so near, came over the waves to their ears:—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing."

In due time the vessel arrived in America. The mother wrote to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of the safety of his wife and child, and in about four months from the time of their separation they were happily reunited.

A POOR woman, who had no hope in Christ, was dying in the attic of one of the New York tenement houses. A minister was sent for, but his words and prayers failed to give her hope. She said again and again, as he talked to her, "It's no use; I'm too wicked, and it's too late." At length he began to sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and sang two verses. Noticing her deep interest, he turned to her and said, "Can't you trust him now?" With a smile of joy she replied, "*Other refuge have I none.*" Her happy face showed her acceptance of Jesus.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

A CHAPLAIN in our army one morning found Tom, the drummer-boy, a great favorite with all the men, and whom, because of his sobriety and religious example, they called "the young deacon," sitting alone under a tree. At first he thought him asleep, but, as he drew near, the boy lifted up his head, and he saw tears in his eyes.

"Well, Tom, my boy, what is it; for I see your thoughts are sad? What is it?"

"Why, sir, I had a dream last night, which I can't get out of my mind."

"What was it?"

"You know that my little sister Mary is dead—died when ten years old. My mother was a widow, poor, but good. She never seemed like herself afterwards. In a year or so, she died, too; and then I, having no home,

and no mother, came to the war. But last night I dreamed the war was over, and I went back to my home, and just before I got to the house, my mother and little sister came out to meet me. I didn't seem to remember they were dead! How glad they were! And how my mother, in her smiles, pressed me to her heart! Oh, sir, it was just as real as you are real now!"

"Thank God, Tom, that you have such a mother, not really dead, but in heaven, and that you are hoping, through Christ, to meet her again." The boy wiped his eyes and was comforted.

The next day there was terrible fighting. Tom's drum was heard all day long, here and there. Four times the ground was swept and occupied by the two contending armies. But as the night came on, both paused, and neither dared to go on the field, lest the foe be there. Tom, "the young deacon," it was known, was wounded and left on the battle-field. His company encamped near the battle-field. In the evening, when the noise of battle was over, and all was still, they heard

a voice singing, away* off on the field. They felt sure it was Tom's voice. Softly and beautifully the words floated on the wings of night,—

“Jesus ! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past !
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !” —

The voice stopped here, and there was silence. In the morning the soldiers went out and found Tom sitting on the ground, and leaning against a stump—dead ! His soul went up in the song. Did his mother and Mary meet him ? Who can say ? But poor Tom was not created for this world, was he ? — *Sunday School Times*.

“ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.”

— *Augustus Toplady*.

BELCHER writes : — “ The death of the author

of this favorite hymn was indeed that of the Christian. A short time before his decease, at his own request, his physician felt his pulse, and was asked what he thought of it. His reply was that "the heart and arteries beat weaker and weaker;" the reply of the dying saint, as the sweetest of smiles sat on his countenance, was, "Why, that is a good sign my death is fast approaching; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory." Still nearer to his end he said, "Oh, my dear sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me! Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon, glory be to His name, I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence and love to my soul, that it is impossible for any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable; and I fear not that God's consolations and support will continue." But immediately recollecting himself, he continued, "What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a Sovereign, hide his face and his smiles from me.

However, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet will I trust in him. I know I am safe; for his love and his covenant are everlasting." Within an hour of his death, he said, "It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live"—bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy, "after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

DR. POMEROY, in speaking of a visit he made a few years ago to an American Church in Constantinople, says that he was greatly pleased with their singing, though he could not understand the words. They all sung the same part, and while singing the hymns their eyes were closed, and as they sung the tears trickled down over many cheeks.

On inquiry what the hymn was, one of the missionaries told him it was,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

O that the singing of these precious words would have like effect on the members of our American churches!

Dr. T. L. Cuyler says of this hymn:—"Of all its lines the two finest are those which

are carved on a monument in Greenwood, beneath the figure of Faith kneeling at a cross:

“Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

A LITTLE girl of my acquaintance was once looking at a picture, which represents a rock in the midst of a stormy sea, bearing upon its summit a cross to which a female figure just recovered from the angry waves clings, faint and exhausted, while at her feet a hand, grasping a part of the wreck, is just disappearing in the black water.

“What does that mean,” asked the child.

“It is called ‘The Rock of Ages,’” was the answer.

“That means Jesus, to whom we cling for salvation.”

“You know the hymn says, ‘Other refuge have I none.’”

“Oh! yes,” said the child, after a moment’s hesitation, “but that rock isn’t *my* Jesus; when I cling to him he reaches down and clings too.”

The following beautiful poem is in itself a commentary on this popular hymn:—

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
Sang as little children sing ;
Sang as sing the birds in June ;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune —
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide ;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside ;
All these words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully ;
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.

Sung as only they can sing

Who life's thorny paths have pressed ;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

Sung above a coffin-lid ;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !

Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

"ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!"

—*Rev. Edward Perrouet.*

ABOUT the year 1808, this grand old hymn

was printed at Canterbury on a card, for the Sunday School, to which is appended the following notice of the author:—"The Rev. Edward Perrouet died at Canterbury, January 2d, 1792. His dying words were, 'Glory to God in the height of his divinity! Glory to God in the depth of his humanity! Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! and into his hands I commend my spirit.'"—*Belcher*.

THE late William Dawson, a very plain man, but a highly popular local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists of England, was, some years since, preaching in London on the offices of Christ. After presenting him as the great teacher and Priest, who made himself an offering for sin, the preacher introduced him as the King of saints. Having shown that he was king in his own right, he proceeded to the coronation. Borrowing his ideas from scenes familiar to his audience, he marshalled the immense procession moving toward the grand temple to place the insignia of royalty upon the King of the Universe. So vividly did the preacher present the scene, that his hearers

almost thought they were gazing upon that long line of patriarchs and kings, prophets and apostles, martyrs and confessors of every age and clime, until at length the great temple was filled, and the solemn and imposing ceremony of coronation was about to take place. The audience by this time were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; and, while momentarily expecting to hear the anthem peal out from the vast assemblage, the preacher commenced singing,—

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name !”

The effect was electrical. The audience started to their feet and sang the hymn with such spirit and feeling as perhaps it was never sang before or since.—*Belcher.*

“THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.”

— *William Cowper.*

A NOTORIOUS robber of New York grew weary of his sinful life, and wanted to become a Christian, but almost despaired of being saved. A Christian man talked and prayed with him, but could not give him any encouragement. He then sang the first verse of—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,”
but the poor man said, “there is nothing in that
for me.” He then sang the second verse,—

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
*And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”*

“That means *me*,” said the penitent robber.
Hope sprung up in his heart, and he was
soon after happily converted.

A POOR Sabbath scholar has fallen down a
hatchway and broken his hip. The doctor
says he is internally injured, and that he
cannot help him. The boy's teacher is sent
for, and is surprised at the greeting he re-
ceived. “Teacher, you are just in time to
hear my great joy; I am going home to
Jesus.” “I did not know you ever thought
about such things, John; how long have you
felt so?” “Dear teacher, you never asked
me; I have been longing to have you for six
months. Now sing my favorite hymn with
me, dear teacher.” And while they sang the
sweet words,—

"And sinners plunged beneath THAT flood,
Lose all their guilty stains,"

the messenger came to call the lad Home.

"OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING."

— *Charles Wesley.*

CHARLES WESLEY, when speaking to Peter Bohler of the sense of pardon sealed on his conscience, said: "I suppose I had better keep silent about it." The good Moravian shook him by the hand and replied, "Oh! no, my brother; if you had a thousand tongues, go and use them all for Jesus;" and he went home and wrote:—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace."

THIS hymn is also said to have been written by the author on the first anniversary of the conversion of himself and his brother John. It originally contained eighteen verses, and was entitled "*For the Anniversary of One's*

Conversion." It was first published in the year 1739.

DURING the great conflagration in Chicago, the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, with many others, was burned. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, after toiling all night with and among the sufferers, pointing them to the many mansions on high, and the temple not made with hands, where no fire shall consume, met three hundred of his homeless people on the ruins of their late beautiful house of worship, and sang:—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

—*Sarah Flower Adams.*

DR. CUYLER says of Sarah Flower, the writer of this soul-stirring hymn: "She was worthy of her name. For 'Sarah' signifies a princess, and a sweeter fragrance has rarely exhaled from any flower in the garden of the Lord. This gifted girl married Mr. William

B. Adams, an English civil engineer of superior abilities. She was of frail constitution, and amid many bodily sufferings she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have never learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit emitted the odors of a child-like submission to a chastening Father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics, published by a Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1841. The authoress did not live to catch the echoes of the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1849, at the age of 44. She was buried in Harlow, in Essex, and for several years her name was known to but few beyond the circle of loving friends who read it on her monument. Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs for worship. It crossed to America. It was heard with delight in our prayer meetings. It was married to the noble tune of "Beth-

any," and everybody caught the glorious strain. In noonday gatherings for prayer, it soon became so familiar that if any one "struck up" the hymn the whole audience joined in.

"MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

—*Ray Palmer, D. D.*

It is, by far, the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian church. The author of it was a native of "Little Compton," in Rhode Island, and was graduated from old Yale in 1830. Immediately after leaving college he came to New York, and spent a few hours each day in teaching young ladies in a school which stood in the then fashionable quarter of Fulton Street, behind St. Paul's church. In December of that year (1830), just forty years ago, he sat down one day in his room, and wrote in his pocket memorandum book four simple verses, which he says "were born of my own soul," and were not written to be seen by another eye. He wrote them rapidly, and with his eyes

swimming in tears. The first verse reads thus :—

“My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine !”

He put the memorandum book into his pocket, and carried it there for two whole years, little dreaming that he was carrying about with him his own passport to immortality. One day Dr. Lowell Mason met him in the streets of Boston, and asked him to furnish some hymns for the volume of “Spiritual Songs,” which he (Dr. Mason) and Dr. Thomas Hastings were about to publish. The young college graduate drew from his pocket the lines,—

“My faith looks up to Thee.”

Dr. Mason went home, and catching a similar inspiration to that of the author of the lines, composed for them that beautiful tune of “Olivet,” to which the hymn is wedded unto this day. Dr. Mason met the author a few days

afterwards and said to him prophetically, "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think that you will be best known to posterity as the author of this hymn." The prediction is fulfilled. The man who sang this sweet song of Calvary is still living, and has composed many tender and beautiful poems and discourses; but his devout mind flowered out in one matchless lily whose rich odors have filled the Courts of our God with fragrance.

How many a penitent, while reading or singing that hymn, has looked up to Calvary's Cross and found peace in believing! In how many a prayer-meeting has it been sung through tears of holy gratitude! To how many a sick chamber and dying bed has it come like a strain from that heavenly land which was already in full view!

The poetry of the hymn is as perfect as its theology. In its structure it closely resembles the "Rock of Ages." It begins in penitence; it ends in praise. It begins in heart-broken sorrow, and concludes with the most glorious assurance of hope. In the first verse the sup-

pliant is represented as bowing before the crucified Saviour, and looking up to him, and to him only. He sees none but Jesus. His cry is,—

“Take all my guilt away.”

His aspiration is,—

“Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.”

Before that cross the praying soul obtains strength, and a pure, warm, and changeless love for his Redeemer. He is filled with a “living fire.” He is the new man in Christ Jesus. But as he looks forward, he foresees a “dark maze” of trial before him, overhung with clouds of grief that lower black and terrible, and sometimes weep great showers of tears. Surrounded with these discouraging clouds of confusion and temptation he shouts out like one lost in the dark,—

“Be thou my guide,
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow’s tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.”

Before him lies still one more valley darker

than any passed before. It is that vale in which ends "life's transient dream." Through it rolls death's cold and sullen stream. He already imagines himself in the dwellings of Jordan. And as the floods go over him, he lifts his last victorious voice of sublime trust,—

"Blest Saviour ! then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul."

Such is the grandeur of American hymns. Is it not the grandest of this century? And if our readers wish to know, and to thank its modest author, they have but to go into "the Bible House" in New York, and take by the hand our genial and beloved friend, Dr. Ray Palmer.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler in "Heart Life."*

"DAUGHTER OF ZION! FROM THE DUST."

—*James Montgomery.*

REV. MR. CHAMBERLAIN, pastor of the New England Congregational Church in Chicago, relates that at the time when they were most afflicted by the loss of their beautiful edifice, a singular circumstance became known which

greatly cheered and encouraged them to put forth their most strenuous efforts to obtain the necessary means to rebuild. It seems that among the debris two bits of printed paper were found, one of which proved to be the only remaining fragment of a Bible; the only legible portion was this verse from 2d Cor., v: 1.—“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The other was a scrap from a hymn-book, upon which was printed hymn 1180, of *Songs of the Sanctuary*:—

“Daughter of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head.
Again in thy Redeemer trust—
He calls thee from the dead.

* * * * *

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, ‘Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!’”

“OFT HAVE WE PASSED THE GUILTY NIGHT,” AND
“HEARKEN TO THE SAVIOUR’S VOICE.”

—Charles Wesley.

It has been supposed that these two hymns

were the first two composed by this author for watch-night services. Dr. Southey terms these watch-nights "another of Wesley's objectionable institutions;" and yet they had a very lovely origin. They began among the converted colliers of Kingswood, who, having in the days of their folly given their Saturday nights to drinking in the ale-houses, after their hearts had been changed gave these same hours to worship God in the school-house, continuing their hymns and prayers late into the Sabbath morning. These services contributed greatly to their spiritual advantage; and John Wesley determined to introduce them into all his societies. In 1742, the date of the first publication of these two hymns, he appointed a monthly watch-night during the full moon; this service is still continued at the close of every year, and has in later years been imitated by many congregations of other denominations.—*Bélcher*.

"TOO LATE! YE CANNOT ENTER NOW."

—*Alfred Tennyson*.

THIS hymn was sung one night in a certain church, and deeply impressed a lady who heard

it. The next night, in coming to the meeting, she was late, and the crowd was so great that she could not get in. The Spirit seemed to whisper, "What if this was the door of heaven, and you—too late?" She went home deeply thoughtful, and that night gave her heart to God and became a happy Christian.

"IN PEACE LET ME RESIGN MY BREATH."

"I HAVE a single verse," said Mrs. Worth, "of great historic interest. I would if I could write it in the form of a *star*, for it has turned many to righteousness." Uncle Will caught at her suggestion and wrote the verse upon the board,—

In
Peace
Let me resign my
breath, and thy
Salvation
see ; My sins deserve
Eternal death, but Jesus
died for
me.

The following interesting history of the verse was given,—

Rev. Dr. Marsh, of England, once repeated

the following lines to Lord Roden, telling him that they were composed by his old school-master, Dr. Valpy, as his confession of faith. Lord Roden requested Dr. Marsh to write them down, and he fastened the paper over the mantelpiece in his study,—

“In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.”

Sometime after, General Taylor, one of the heroes of Waterloo, came to visit Lord Roden. He felt no interest in religion, but kept his eyes fixed upon this verse. At length Lord Roden ventured to say, “ Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart.” “ I know it now, by *heart*,” replied the General, with emphasis and feeling. The General became entirely changed, and died two years after, repeating the lines which had led him to Christ.

Lord Roden related these facts at a neighbor's, where a young officer from the Crimea was visiting. Some months after, as this young officer lay on his death-bed, he sent an urgent request for Lord Roden to visit him. On his entering the room, he held out his hand, repeat-

ing these simple lines, and adding, "They have been God's message of peace to my soul."

Many years after, Dr. Marsh was paying a last visit to an old and valued friend. The aged friends were comparing years, when Mr. Maitland said, "I am not your equal in years, but I wish I were in wisdom and goodness." Dr. Marsh pointed him to Christ, and quoted Dr. Valpy's lines, and at Mr. Maitland's request, wrote down the verse for him. As he received it he said, "I shall wear it near my heart." It was found there after his death.—"*Fire-side Talks by Uncle Will.*"

"THERE'LL BE NO SORROW THERE."

A MAN who was going to the station to take the cars, heard a little Irish boy, who was sitting on the door-step, singing,—

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,"

"Where," asked he, for his mind was impressed by the words; "where is there no sorrow?" The boy answered,—

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened on to take his seat in the cars; but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn.

A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great idea which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now he resolved to become a Christian; and he did become one, and began to live a new life, a life of preparation for that heavenly land where there is no sorrow.

“THOU GOD OF GLORIOUS MAJESTY.”

—*Charles Wesley.*

THIS truly grand hymn, which contains that sublime passage,—

“Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible !
A point of time — a moment's space —
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !”

was written on the promontory known in England as “Land's End,” on the coast of Cornwall. It is really “a narrow neck of land” jutting out into the Atlantic. To pass

over this neck for the purpose of reaching the outmost point of English land is somewhat dangerous. With scarcely foot room beneath, you have on either side a precipice, with the sea washing its base; and, whether you turn to the right hand or the left, your eye meets a vast expanse of ocean.

Mr. Montgomery, in his "Christian Psalmist," says of this hymn: "It is a sublime contemplation,—solemn, collected, unimpassioned thought, but thought occupied with that which is of everlasting import to a dying man standing on the lapse of a moment between two eternities."

Dr. Adam Clarke writes, under date of October 11, 1819: "I write this on the last projecting point of rock of the 'Land's End,' upward of two hundred feet perpendicular above the sea, which is raging and roaring tremendously, threatening destruction to myself and the narrow point of rock on which I am sitting. On my right hand is the Bristol Channel, and before me the vast Atlantic Ocean. There is not one inch of land from the place where my feet rest to the American

continent. This is the place where Charles Wesley composed those fine lines:—

‘Lo! on a narrow neck of land.

’Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.’”

—*Beleher.*

“SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?”

A PROMINENT business man thus expressed himself to a Christian minister:—

“I am interested in Church matters, and always glad to see ministers when they call. But I have thought the subject over long and carefully, and have come to the deliberate decision that I have no need of Jesus.”

A single week had not passed before that man was taken sick. His disease was accompanied with such inflammation of the throat as forbade his speaking at all.

This enforced silence continued until the hour of death, when he was enabled to utter simply this one despairing whisper: “*Who shall carry me over the river?*”

Shall we gather at the river,

Where bright angel feet have trod,

With its crystal tide forever

Flowing by the throne of God?

"COMMIT THOU ALL THY GRIEFS."

—*Paul Gerhardt.*

It is related of Paul Gerhardt, whose spiritual songs have been so widely circulated and so influential for good, that he was deposed from office and banished in 1666 by the Elector Frederick William, on account of the faithful discharge of his ministerial duties.

Not knowing where to go, he and his wife passed out of the city (of Berlin), and finally stopped at a tavern, oppressed with care and grief. Gerhardt endeavored to comfort his partner by the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

Touched by the words himself, he went and sat down on a garden-seat, and wrote the song, "Commit whatever grieves thee," &c., and came and read it to his wife, who was immediately comforted. In the course of the same evening the agents of Duke Christian of Mercberg arrived and invited him to an interview with that prince, by whom he was appointed Archdeacon at Luebben.

IN a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious peasant, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter, and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang,—

“ Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.”

Just as they came to the last verse,—

“ When Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who then shall stay Thy hands ? ”

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him so that

he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse,—

“Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!”

“COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.”

You know the word “sinner” is almost dropped out of the Christian vocabulary; it is not thought polite to use that word now. It is methodistic or old-fashioned. If you want to tell men that they are sinners, you must say they are spiritually erratic or have moral deficits, or they have not had a proper spiritual development; and I have not heard in twenty years that old hymn,—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.”

In the first place, they are not sinners, and, in the second place, they are neither poor nor needy! I have heard Christian men in prayer-

meetings and elsewhere talk as though there were no very great radical change before a man becomes a Christian; all he has got to do is to stop swearing, clear his throat a few times, take a good wash, and he is ready for heaven! My friends, if every man has not gone astray, and if the whole race is not plunged in sin and ruin, then the Bible is the greatest fraud ever enacted, for from beginning to end it sets forth that they are. Now, my brothers and sisters, if a man must be born again, in order to see the Kingdom of God, and if a man is absolutely ruined unless Christ checks his course, why not proclaim it?—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

“JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

—*John Wesley.*

ELIZABETH CHRISTINA, Queen of Prussia, was speaking one day to the little daughter of her gardener, and was greatly pleased with the wisdom and gentleness of the child. Sometime after, as the queen was about to sit down with her ladies at the table, the child was brought in, and the queen ordered her to

sit beside her. The queen was curious to see what impression the gold and silver and bright ornaments would make on the little girl. She looked around in silence and astonishment. At last she folded her hands and said, in a clear voice,—

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are and glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

The ladies were deeply moved. “Oh, the happy child!” one of them exclaimed to the queen, “how high she is above us!”

“SHOW PITY, LORD; O LORD, FORGIVE.”

—*Isaac Watts.*

THIS narrative is from the pen of the Rev. J. Parker:—

‘In the village of —— was a boarding house kept by Mrs. F——, at whose house I was a lodger. Of the fifteen or twenty guests about the table was a young gentleman of about twenty-four years of age. He was full of animation, and his vivacity created the impression

that, whoever else might be affected by the solemnities of the time, he was not.

On a Sunday morning the late Rev. Dr. Perrine preached a peculiarly effective sermon on the consequences of a life of sin. There was a singular unction and tenderness in the discourse, and its vivid pictures of hell's torments produced a most solemn and subduing effect.

As we were sitting at the dinner-table, and remarks were passing freely in regard to the morning service, the young man above mentioned expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of the sermon, and added, "Such preaching only hardens me and makes me worse." I replied, "It is possible that you think it makes you worse, when it only makes you conscious of sin that was before slumbering in your heart." "No," said he; "it hardens me. I am at this moment less susceptible to anything like conviction for hearing that discourse. I feel more inclined to resist everything like good impressions than usual." "Yet," I rejoined, "*good impressions* are those which are best adapted to secure the desired end; and I am greatly mistaken if an increase

of the effect which you feel would not be greatly useful to you. If, for instance, you should read now Watt's version of the Fifty-First Psalm, beginning,—

‘Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive,’

it would take a deep hold on your heart.”

“Not the least,” said he ; “I could read it without moving a muscle. I wish I had the book : I would read it to you.”

“We have one,” said Mrs. F——, who was fully aware of the excitement under which he was laboring ; and the book was handed him, opened at the place. He commenced to read, with compressed lips and a firm voice,—

“Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?”

Toward the last part of the stanza a little tremulousness of voice was plainly discernible. He rallied again, however, and commenced the second verse with more firmness,—

“Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.”

At the last part of this stanza his voice faltered more manifestly. He commenced upon the third with great energy, and read in a loud, sonorous voice,—the whole company looking on in breathless silence,—

“My lips with shame my sins confess.”

As he read the second line,—

“Against thy law, against thy grace,”

his lips quivered, and his utterance became difficult. He paused a little, and entered upon the third line with an apparently new determination,—

“Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,”

yet before he came to the end his voice was almost totally choked; and when he began upon the fourth line,—

“I am condemned, but thou art clear,”

an aspect of utter discouragement marked his countenance, and he could only bring out, in broken sobs, “I am condemned,”—when his utterance changed to such a heart-broken cry of grief, rising at the same time and rushing

from the room, as I had never witnessed in a convicted sinner.

The dinner was interrupted; but that was the beginning of a change, leading on to a new life in Mr. H.; and probably every person in that room retained the impression that a view of the awful justice of God, in connection with the grace that saves from it, is often effective in subduing those who say, "Prophecy unto us smooth things," and that sinners are not always good judges in respect to what produces the best effect upon themselves.—*Belcher.*

"WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS."

—*Isaac Watts.*

DR. HALL tells the story of a Scotchman who sang most piously the hymn,—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution box.

SOME time since Father Ignatius was about to preach at a well-known London church.

A popular hymn of Dr. Watts' was sung before the sermon, and when it ended the preacher slowly repeated the last line, 'Demands my soul, my life, my all,' adding, "Well, I *am* surprised to hear you sing that. Do you know that altogether you only put fifteen shillings into the bag this morning?"

"COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING."

— *Charles Wesley.*

DURING the Revolution, while the British had possession of Long Island, a body of troops went to a church on Sabbath morning, and demanded of the congregation that they should sing "God save the King;" and in reply the people sang with earnestness,—

"Come, thou *Almighty* King,

Help us Thy name to sing,

Help us to praise :

Father all-glorious,

Come, and reign over us,

Ancient of Days."

"STOP, POOR SINNER, STOP AND THINK."

— *John Newton.*

A HIGHLY intelligent young man, standing

at his father's door, was offered a slip of paper, on which was printed this striking hymn. He read it, was much affected by it, and carefully committed it to memory. Five years afterward, while studying at Brown University, a spirit of attention to religion was awakened in that institution, and this same young man entered a meeting for devotional exercises just as they were commencing this same hymn. His early impressions were instantly revived, he saw himself ruined by sin, that eternal woe was before him, and that peace of conscience and peace with God could only be obtained by the blood of the cross of Christ. The Holy Spirit enabled him to rest his soul on the atoning sacrifice of Christ; and he became an eminently pious and active physician.—*Belcher.*

“HERE ARE AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS SEVERE.”

I KNEW a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes; and as he came from the pit at night, she used to

meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came in to dinner he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him up stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to lose their little lamb; she had a convulsive fit, and the doctor said she couldn't live. As the tears made furrows down his black face, and he leaned over his darling, she said, "Daddy, sing —

'Here is no rest, is no rest.'

"No, my child, I can't sing; I'm choking; I can't sing."

"Oh! do, daddy, sing 'Here is no rest.'"

The poor fellow tried to sing,—

"Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest."

But his voice could make no way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl.

"Here are afflictions and trials severe,

Here is no rest, is no rest ;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest."

Again his voice was choked with weeping ;
but the little one whispered, 'Come, daddy,
sing, 'Sweet is the promise ;'' and the poor
father goes on again,—

"Sweet is the promise I read in thy word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward ;
There, there is rest, there is rest."

"That's it, daddy!" cried the child; "that's
it;" and with her arms around the collier's
neck, she died happy in the Lord.

"STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!"

—*Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr.*

THIS deservedly popular hymn was composed
to be sung after a sermon delivered by its au-
thor, the Sabbath following the mournfully sud-
den death of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, who
was called from earth in 1858, and whose dying
counsel to his brethren in the ministry was,—

"Stand up for Jesus!"

—*Belcher.*

“ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.”

—Charles Wesley.

“NOTICE the first trial that the world ever saw. ‘God reads the charge, ‘Where is Abel, thy brother?’” Cain has the presumption to deny his guilt: ‘I know not.’ The trial proceeds: *a brother’s blood* is the terrible accuser, and when sentence of banishment has been pronounced, the condemned man goes forth, crying out, ‘My guilt is greater than I can bear.’ ‘From thy face shall I be hid.’”

“I am thinking of another trial scene,” said Mizpah, with such emotion that every one eagerly listened. “The judge is the infinite God, and the guilty one is my soul. The blood of Christ might cry out against me from the cross, as my accuser, but it ‘*speaketh better things*’ than that of Abel;’ it speaketh as my advocate,—

‘Five bleeding wounds he bears,

Received on Calvary ;

They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly plead for me :

NOTE.—This hymn represents every step of the prodigal’s experience, from the time when he says “I will *arise*,” to the glad moment when the Father “owns him for his child.” The story in Luke xv. should be read in connection with the hymn.

Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.'

Through this advocate we may all be saved from the terrible cry of banishment, 'From thy face shall I be hid!'"—"*Fireside Talks by Uncle Will.*"

"JESUS, THE NAME HIGH OVER ALL."

—Charles Wesley.

MR. CORDEROX, speaking of a Sunday scholar at Walworth, says, "There was a little girl, not long ago, severely scalded. She was taken to the hospital, and only survived a short time. There lay the little sufferer, all her last night on earth, in the doleful sick ward of that hospital; nothing was heard to break the stillness of the hour, but the ticking of the great clock. By and by there arose from her bed a low, but sweet and beauteous melody,—

'Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all my guilty fear,
And turns my hell to heaven!'

All was still again; nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the ward. At

length the voice broke out again, and even more sweet than before,—

‘Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!’

The nurse hastened to the bedside, but she was too late; angels had been there before, and the happy spirit of the child had gone from singing ‘Behold the Lamb!’ on earth, to see Him in His glory above. Sunday-school teachers, these are results worth striving for, and such as will well repay all your toil.”—*Biblical Treasury*.

“I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.”

OUR Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow. This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they *follow* their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold, or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each

shepherd takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for his flock. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the fields of corn which lie so temptingly on either side. Any sheep that thus wanders is sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time to remind them of his presence. *They know his voice and follow* on; but if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not fanciful costume of a parable; it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe. He is armed in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very courageous.

Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favorites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy

ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interest. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or, rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion remark in their little community, or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, whence they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the shepherd incessant trouble. Then there are others incurably reckless, who stray far away, and are often utterly lost. I have repeatedly seen a silly goat or sheep running hither and thither and bleating piteously after the lost flock, only to call forth from their dens the beasts of prey, or to bring up the lurking thief, who quickly quiets its cries in death.

Isaiah has a beautiful reference to the good shepherd: "He shall feed his flock like a

shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not *feed* his flock, except by leading and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are times when it is otherwise. Late in the autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food, or they die. In the vast oak woods along the eastern sides of Lebanon, between Baalbek and the cedars, there are then gathered innumerable flocks, and the shepherds are all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches, upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep and goats are entirely supported. The same is true in all mountain districts, and large forests are preserved on purpose.”—*Dr. Thompson in “The Land and the Book.”*

“GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.”

—*William Cowper.*

THE original title of this grand old hymn,—

"*Light shining out of Darkness*," had reference to its remarkable origin. When under the influence of the fits of mental derangement to which he was subject, he most unhappily but firmly believed that the divine will was that he should drown himself in a particular part of the river Ouse, some two or three miles from his residence at Olney. He one evening called for a post-chaise from one of the hotels in the town, and ordered the driver to take him to that spot, which he readily undertook to do, as he well knew it. On this occasion, however, several hours were consumed in seeking it, and utterly in vain. The man was at length most reluctantly compelled to admit that he had entirely lost his road. The snare was thus broken. Cowper escaped the temptation. He returned to his home, and immediately sat down and wrote this hymn, which has ministered comfort to thousands, and will probably yet afford consolation to thousands of others even for generations to come.—*Belcher*.

"AND LET THIS FEEBLE BODY FAIL."

HYMNS often have a peculiar significance

from some simple association. Charles Wesley's hymn,—

“And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high,”

is one from which Mrs. Stowe quotes some stanzas in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was called *Uncle Tom's hymn*, and there was much inquiry made for it, especially in England. It never had much currency out of the Methodist Church until that simple circumstance.

“PEACE, MY SOUL! THOU NEEDST NOT FEAR.”

THE late Rev. James Haxley, about the year 1806, was sent by a Methodist Conference to itinerate as a missionary in Louisiana, then chiefly inhabited by French Catholics. Jimmy, as he was familiarly called, had small expectation of comfort without payment; and he seldom possessed any money. He was one evening reduced to the very verge of starvation; he had spent the preceding night in a swamp, and had taken no food for thirty-six hours, when he reached a plantation. He

entered the house and asked for food and lodging. The mistress of the house, a widow, with several daughters, and several negro children playing about, recognized his calling and insultingly refused his request. He obtained, however, permission to warm himself a few minutes before the fire. As he sat thus, he felt the demands of hunger and sleep, and looked forward to another night in the swamp. Feeling this might prove his last night on earth, he thought sweetly of the celestial city to which he felt he was traveling; his heart swelled with gladness, and he cheerfully sung one of his favorite hymns,—

“Peace, my soul ! thou needst not fear ;
The Great Provider still is near.”

He sang the whole hymn ; and when he looked around him, the mother, daughters, and negroes were all in tears. “Here, Sally,” said the mother, “get the preacher a good supper. Peter, put up his horse ; he shall stay a week, if he pleases.” Has hymn-singing no influence ?

“NO FOOT OF LAND DO I POSSESS.”

AN old Methodist Circuit-rider entertained himself over many miles by singing away,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in the wilderness."

It was in those far-back days, when we invariably said "*Mathodist*;" when the page was announced, instead of the number of the hymn, and when choirs were not. The parson did his own singing in meeting, and so "practiced" along the route, as a matter of utility, no less than by way of pleasuring on. A noble Mathodist brother sprung an act of kindness on the preacher by handing him the deed of a comfortable homestead. This was thankfully accepted by so genuine a disciple of Wesley, and made him feel very happy. But on his next "ride" he attempted to "tune up" again on his familiar lines, when lo! he balked. He could hum the air, indeed; but could he "make melody in his heart," when the dear old words no longer contained any truth for him? Determined not to be robbed of his rich treasure, he returned the "papers" to his generous donor, assuring him that he felt poorer with hearth and home, but without his lines, than homeless even, so long as he but dared to sing,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in the wilderness."

The good old man was a living commentary on St. Paul's paradox, among a catalogue of paradoxes,—“*As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.*”

“LORD OF HEAVEN! LONE AND SAD.”

LUTHER'S SNOW SONG.

ON a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside,—

“Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest ;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.”

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, “What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!”

“I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see,” said his wife, who had lost a boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said,—

“Charity, good sir, for Christ’s sake!”

“Come in, my little one,” said he. “You shall rest with me for the night.”

The boy said, “Thank God,” and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula’s kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance, that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he went into a monastery. There, one day, he found a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news — “Justified by faith, we have peace with

God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

The following is the whole of the song which Luther sung on that memorable night,—

"Lord of Heaven ! lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to Thee ;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die,
While I walk beneath Thine eye.

I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads ;
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from His store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest ;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.

If I live, He'll be with me ;

If I die, to Him I go,
He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely."

—*Home Words.*

"DEPTH OF MERCY ! CAN THERE BE."

—*Charles Wesley.*

AN actress in one of the English provincial or country theatres, was one day passing through the streets of the town in which she resided, when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices in a poor cottage before her. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom, at the moment of her observation, was giving out the hymn, which the others joined in singing,—

"Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?"

The tune was sweet and simple ; but she heeded it not. The words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter by the woman of the house,

who had observed her standing at the door. She remained during a prayer which was offered up by one of the little company ; and, uncouth as the expressions sounded, perhaps, to her ears, they carried with them a conviction of sincerity on the part of the person engaged. She quitted the cottage ; but the words of the hymn followed her, and at last she resolved to procure the book which contained it. She did so ; and the more she read it, the more decided her serious impressions became. She attended the ministry of the gospel, read her hitherto neglected and despised Bible, and bowed herself in humility and contrition of heart before Him whose mercy she now felt she needed, whose sacrifices are those of a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and who has declared that with such sacrifices he is well pleased.

Her profession she determined at once to renounce, and for some time excused herself from appearing on the stage, without, however, making known her resolution finally to leave it.

The manager of the theatre called upon

her one morning and requested her to sustain the principal character in a new play which was to be performed the next week. She had frequently performed this character to general admiration; but she now, however, told him her resolution never to appear as an actress again, at the same time giving her reasons. At first he attempted to overcome her scruples by ridicule; but this was unavailing: he then represented the loss he would incur by her refusal, and concluded by promising that if, to oblige him, she would act on this occasion, it would be the last request of the kind he would ever make. Unable to resist his solicitations, she promised to appear, and on the appointed evening went to the theatre. The character which she assumed required her, on her first entrance, to sing a song; and, when the curtain drew up, the orchestra immediately began the accompaniment. But she stood as if lost in thought, and as one forgetting all around her and her situation. The music ceased, but she did not sing; and, supposing her to be overcome by embarrassment, the band again commenced.

A second time they paused for her to begin; and still she did not open her lips. A third time the air was played; and then, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she sang,—not the words of the song, but,—

“Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?”

It is almost needless to add that the performance was suddenly ended. Many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to “consider their ways,” and to reflect on the wonderful power of the religion which could influence the heart and change the life of one hitherto so vain and so evidently pursuing the road which leadeth to destruction. The change in Miss —— was as permanent as it was singular: she walked consistently with her profession of religion for many years, and at length became the wife of a minister of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Belcher*; see also “*Hedged in*,” by *E. S. Phelps*, p. 35.

“O THOU FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS.”

—*Haweis*.

“THE Maiden Martyr of Scotland” was

to be killed by drowning, being fastened to a stake on Solway Firth, at low tide, that the returning waves might destroy her life, unless she would renounce Christ and thus be released.

Another was placed below her, that she might be intimidated by the other's death-agony; but she continued steadfast, and as the waves rose about her she repeated the words, "Though thou passest through the waters, they shall not come nigh thee," and then, while the priests still cried recant, she sang, until the waves stilled her voice, the hymn,—

"O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me."

The last verse is,—

"When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me."

At Stirling, near the famous castle, we saw a beautiful monument to her memory. Under

a glass cover she is represented in purest marble, teaching her younger sister, who is buried near her, from the open Bible, while an angel with a crown in its hand stands behind her, as if it had just come to call her heavenward. On the monument are the following inscriptions:—

CHRISTIANITY

IN 'SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR.'

'Love many waters cannot quench'—God saves
His chaste impearled One ! in Covenant true.
'O Scotia's Daughters ! earnest scan the page,'
And prize this Flower of Grace, blood-bought for you.

PSALMS IX. XIX.

KEYS

'Through Faith,'

MARGARET WILSON, a youthful maiden,
chose rather to depart and be with CHRIST,
than to disown His holy Cause and Covenant,
to own Erastian Usurpation, and conform
to Prelacy, enforced by cruel Laws.

Bound to a stake, within flood mark of the Solway
tide, she died a martyr's death, on 11th May, 1685.

'Died in Faith,'

Saints of JESUS live in Love.

'IT IS CHRIST IN US.'

Of His own CHURCH this Virgin
Martyr, typic, is 'faithful unto death ;'

Christ-sustained under the Solway cruciate
 rush, and borne above, rests in the
 'FULNESS' TIDE OF 'BLESSEDNESS,'
 STILL FLOWING EVERMORE.
 'GOD ALL IN ALL.'

"THOUGH TROUBLES ASSAIL, AND DANGERS
 AFFRIGHT."

—*Newton.*

A BOY ran home after hearing a sermon on Jehovah Jireh (the Lord will provide) and said to his parents, who were in great want, "Cheer up, father and mother, the Lord will be sure to provide." And often, after that, when they were in trouble, he would say, "Come let us sing a verse of Jehovah Jireh,—

'Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.'"

Once when there was no food left, he told his parents not to forget Jehovah Jireh. He went out and came back again in a few moments, holding up a shilling he had found on the pavement, saying, "Here's Jehovah Jireh, mother, I was sure he would provide!"

"I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY."

—*Mrs. Brown.*

The circumstance under which this beautiful hymn, justly a general favorite, was written, may not be known to you all. Its author, Mrs. Phœbe Brown, was an intelligent, pious woman, who labored industriously to support a large family of children. She was wont, after the toils of the day were over, at the quiet twilight hour, to ramble to a neighboring grove, where, alone and unobserved, she might spend an hour in meditation and prayer. A wealthy lady, who lived near Mrs. Brown, seeing her go often to this retreat, without knowing her object, censured her severely in the presence of other persons, for her "rambles," and told her "she had better be at home with her children." Mortified at being charged with neglecting her family, and deeply wounded that her retirement for communion with God had excited evil surmises, Mrs. Brown remained at home that evening, and with her babe on her knee, wrote her "Apology for My Night Rambles." A friend found this beautiful gem among her manuscripts, and

sent it to Dr. Nettleton, who inserted it in a collection of hymns he was preparing. Mrs. Brown was doubtless successful in bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as one of them was the first American missionary to Japan.

“LAND AHEAD! ITS FRUITS ARE WAVING.”

THE lines were suggested by the last words of John Adams, one of the mutineers of the ship “Bounty,” who settled Pitcairn’s Island, in the year 1790. His conversion laid the foundation for a community on that rocky island, so remarkable for its Christian character that it has been called the “Paradise of the Pacific.” After a residence there of forty years, as he drew near the end of his eventful life-voyage, in the impressive language of the sea he said to those around his dying bed, “Land in sight.” When asked if he was happy, he replied: “Rounding the cape into the harbor,” and just as he expired, the last words that faintly fell from his lips were, “LET GO THE ANCHOR.”

“Land ahead !” its fruits are waving—
O'er the hills of fadeless green ;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
Rocks and stones I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore,
Drop the anchor ! Furl the sail !
I am safe within the veil.”

“WORSHIP, AND THANKS, AND BLESSING.”

—*Charles Wesley.*

THIS, as Mr. Creamer says, was a “blast,” written by the author “after deliverance in a tumult,” and was often sounded on similar occasions. We have no certain information as to its precise date. We give, however, an account of “a mob at Devizes,” written by the author and copied from Jackson’s Life of Chas. Wesley. “After riding two or three hundred yards, I looked back and saw Mr. Merton on the ground, in the midst of the mob, and two bull-dogs upon him. One was first let loose, which leaped at the horse’s nose ; but the horse with his foot beat him down. The other fastened on his nose and hung there, till Mr. Merton, with the butt-end of his whip, felled

him to the ground. Then the first dog, recovering, flew at the horse's breast and fastened there. The beast reared up, and Mr. Merton slid gently off. The dog kept his hold till the flesh tore off. Then some of the men took off the dogs; others cried, 'Let them alone.' But neither beast nor man had any further commission to hurt. I stopped the horse and delivered him to my friend. He remounted with great composure, and we rode on leisurely, as before, till out of sight. Then we mended our pace, and in an hour came to Seeud, having ridden about three miles, it still being seven miles to Wraxall. The news of our danger got there before us; but we brought the welcome tidings of our deliverance. Now we saw the hand of Providence in suffering them to turn out our horses; that is, to send them to us against we wanted them. Again, how plainly were we overruled to send our horses down the town, which blinded the rioters without our designing it, and drew off their engines and them, leaving us a free passage at the other end of the town. We joined in hearty praises to our deliverer, singing the hymn,—

‘Worship, and thanks, and blessing.’”

Men who could thus suffer and sing would, under similar circumstances, be as ready as Daniel to be cast into the lion's den, or to enter, like the three Hebrew children, the fiery furnace, even though it were heated seven times hotter than usual.—*Belcher.*

“GOD IS THE REFUGE OF HIS SAINTS.”

—*Isaac Watts.*

THERE are times in the history of religious communities when the power of Christian sentiment is seen under circumstances of peculiar interest and sublimity. Such, for example, was the occasion when the representatives of the Presbyterian church of Scotland met at Edinburgh to sever their connection with the State. A long procession of clergymen, headed by the white-haired Chalmers, issued forth from the old church of St. Giles, and proclaimed to the people by their coming that they had renounced their livings and all State aid, and that the churches that they represented were henceforth to be free. The streets were lined,

and the house-tops were covered with people. Suddenly all Edinburgh seemed to burst into song,—

“God is the refuge of his saints,
In straits a present aid.”

From street to street, from house-top to house-top, the grand old psalm arose, with a meaning never realized before. Children shouted for joy, and strong men wept.

An impressive scene took place in Tremont Temple, Boston, a few days after the great fire. It is thus described by a correspondent of a local paper:—

The meeting was in the main an assemblage of the city government, the merchants and the solid men of Boston. It was opened by religious exercises, one of which was the singing of a hymn. The selection was an impressive one, and it was sung alike by cultivated voices and by voices unused to singing, by men whose merchant palaces were still smoking only a few steps from where they were uplifting their voices in reverential awe to God. The hymn opened as follows,—

“God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;

Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall ne'er yield to despair."

Thus far the hymn had rolled out fully and grandly, with a majesty suited to the gravity of the occasion. But lower, sweeter notes followed, and there was moisture in strong men's eyes. The stanza, so soothing, so tender, so refreshing, yet full of feeling, began,—

"There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God."

A little way from the place the hot streets, guarded by soldiers, lay smoking in the noon-tide sun. The scorching ashes, fanned anon by the complaining autumn wind, filled all the broad area from the foot of Beacon hill to the harbor. Marble columns lay broken and blackened, and granite walls lay crumbling in the dust. Yet, weary with watching the parched ground, the still consuming desolation of fire, the merchant whose millions had vanished could unite in a common bond of sympathy, and sing,—

“There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering his divine abode.”

A faith like that would stand amid the
wrecks of matter and the ruins of worlds.—
Selected.

“JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.”

—*Rev. David Dickson.*

THE earliest of the hymns of heaven is the old Latin composition, “*Urbs beata Jerusalem*,” which had its roots in the meditations of that giant of the fifth century, Augustine, of Hippo. This is the ground work of all the numerous *Jerusalem*-hymns of latter ages. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, a prisoner was shut up in the dreary old town of London, and to him, as to the captive in Bedford jail, was vouchsafed a bright vision of the “better country.” He composed a hymn in twenty-six stanzas, a manuscript of which is still preserved in the British Museum. It is entitled, “A song by F. B. P., to the tune of Diana.” The name of the author is lost

in oblivion, but old David Dickson of Scotland altered the first verse and added thirty-six verses of his own, from which our common version is taken.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

A FEW years ago, a Presbyterian minister in New Orleans was sent for to attend the death-bed of a young man. On his arrival, he found that the dying man was a native of North Britain, as well as himself; but he endeavored to introduce religious conversation with him without success; and the more he endeavored to accomplish his object, the more determined appeared the dying man not to converse with him. After many attempts, the clergyman, almost in despair, left the bedside, and half unconsciously began to sing,—

“Jerusalem, my happy home.”

This effectually attracted the attention of the dying youth, who at once cried out, “My mother used to sing that hymn,” and, bursting into tears, he acknowledged his sinfulness and inquired the way of salvation, which it was hoped he indeed found. Some years had

passed away since he heard that hymn sung; but its words recalled all the scenes and feelings of home, and produced results which, it is probable, that mother had never thought of.—*Belcher.*

“ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.”

—*Phoebe Cary.*

IN the Boston *Daily News* of April 25th, we find a letter from Hong Kong, China, written for the purpose of being read to a Sunday-school in this country, but which the editor was allowed to print on account of the interesting character of its contents. The writer describes the temptations that beset the foreign residents of Hong Kong, and to which so many young men fall an easy prey. He had been entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and, after inquiry, learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither; but, not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a

bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun; and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the eldest shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards; and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phoebe Cary,—

“One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er :
I’m nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.”

At first, says the writer, these words, in such a vile place, made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling-den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment,

and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: "Harry, where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, the one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing; when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday school in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up, "come, Harry, here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business." The writer saw these two men leave the gambling-house together, and walk away arm-in-arm; and as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily, God moves in a mysterious way." It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breasts of two tempted

and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life!

SEQUEL TO THE GAMBLER'S STORY.

To the Editors of the Tribune:

SIR:—Having noticed in the columns of the *Tribune* a biographical sketch of Phœbe Cary, which contained an incident from my letters from China, I think that the sequel to the story of "The Gamblers" may interest her many friends. The old man spoken of in the anecdote has returned to California, and has become a *hard-working Christian* man, while "Harry" has renounced gambling, and all its attendant vices. The incident having gone the rounds of the press, the old man saw it, and finding its "credit," wrote to me about it. Thus Phœbe Cary's poem,

"One Sweetly Solemn Thought,"

has saved from ruin at least two who seldom or never entered a house of worship.—*R. H. Conwell.*

"HOW BLEST THY CREATURE IS, O GOD!

—*William Cowper.*

THIS beautiful hymn is said by his biogra-

phers to have been the very first he wrote on his recovery at St. Albans from his second attack of insanity. He entitled it the "Happy Change;" and no one can read it, with its origin in view, without being struck with its beauty. But the second strain, in which he poured forth the grateful feelings of his heart,—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,"

is perhaps sweeter still. Indeed, as Dr. Cheever remarks, "it is beyond comparison more perfect—it is exquisitely, sacredly, devoutly beautiful." Dr. Cheever throws additional beauty on this composition, by describing to us the location in which it was written. He had gone from St. Albans to Huntingdon, passing his whole time on the way in communion with God. He says, "it is impossible to tell with how delightful a sense of his protection and fatherly care of me it pleased the Almighty to favor me during the whole of my journey." Left alone by his brother for the first time among strangers, his heart began to sink within him, and he wandered forth into the fields, melancholy

and desponding, at the close of the day, but, like Isaac at eventide, found his heart so powerfully drawn to God that, having found a secluded spot beneath a bank of shrubbery and verdure, he kneeled down and poured forth his whole soul in prayer and praise. It pleased the Saviour to hear him, and to grant him at once a renewed sense of his presence, deliverance from his fears, and a sweet assurance that, wherever his lot might be cast, the God of all consolation would still be with him. The next day was the Sabbath, and he attended church for the first time since his recovery—that is, for nearly two years—and found the house of God to be the very gate of heaven. He could scarcely restrain his emotions during the service, so fully did he see the beauty of the glory of the Lord. A person with whom he afterward became acquainted, sat near him, devoutly engaged in worship, and Cowper loved him for the earnestness of his manner. He says, “While he was singing the Psalms, I looked at him; and observing him intent upon his employment, I could not help saying in

my heart, with much emotion, 'The Lord bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth!'" After church he immediately hastened to the solitary place where he had found such sacred enjoyment the day before. "How," he exclaims, "shall I explain what the Lord has done for me, except by saying that he made all his goodness to pass before me? I seemed to speak to him face to face, as a man converseth with his friend, except that my speech was only in tears of joy, and groanings which cannot be uttered. I could say, indeed, with Jacob, not how *dreadful*, but how *lovely* is this place! this is none other than the house of God!" There, in that sacred spot and in the deep bliss of such experience, is the very location and atmosphere of this perfectly beautiful hymn. There was the "calm retreat," there the unwitnessed praise, there the holy communion with the Saviour, by which he prepared his servant to pour forth the gratitude of a redeemed spirit, in strains which will be sung by the Church on earth till the whole Church sing in heaven.—*Belcher*.

“SHRINKING FROM THE COLD HAND OF DEATH.”

—*Charles Wesley.*

MR. MOORE says when John Wesley's increasing infirmities were perhaps more apparent to others than himself, he would omit none of his religious duties or labors. Herein he would listen to no advice. His almost constant prayer was, 'Lord, let me not live to be useless.' At every place, after giving to the society what he desired them to consider his last advice, 'To love as brethren, fear God, and honor the king' — he invariably concluded with the third verse of this beautiful funeral hymn,—

‘Oh, that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !’”

—*Belcher.*

“PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW.”

MANY have heard from Chaplain McCabe's own fire-touched lips, how this grand old doxology, that has doubtless been on more lips than any other uninspired production, was sung by the starving “boys in blue”

that were incarcerated in Libby Prison. Day after day they saw comrades passing away, and their numbers increased by fresh, living recruits for the grave. One night about ten o'clock, through the stillness and the darkness, they heard the tramp of coming feet, that soon stopped before the prison door until arrangements could be made inside. In the company was a young Baptist minister, whose heart almost fainted as he looked on those cold walls and thought of the suffering inside. Tired and weary he sat down, put his face in his hands and wept. Just then a lone voice of deep, sweet pathos, sung out from an upper window,—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;”

and a dozen manly voices joined in the second line,—

“Praise Him all creatures here below ;”

and then by the time the third was reached, more than a score of hearts were full, and these joined to send the words on high,—

“Praise Him above ye heavenly host ;”

and by this time the prison was all alive,

and seemed to quiver with the sacred song, as from every room and cell those brave men sang,—

“Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

As the song died out on the still night that enveloped in darkness the doomed city of Richmond, the young man arose and happily said,—

“Prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.”

IN the great cotton famine in England, which desolated Lancashire for long and weary months, the conduct of the operatives was the admiration of the world. There were no riots and no excess of crimes. The people, men and women, went into the Sunday-school houses and prayed. They had been taught to do so, and they were upheld in the time of trial by the truths they had learned. When the first wagon load of cotton arrived, the people unhooked the horses and drew it themselves, and surrounding it began to sing—what do you think they sang? They sang the grand old doxology, while the tears came flowing down their cheeks,—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

—*Rev. Dr. Taylor of New York.*

A TAMIL (HEATHEN) DOXOLOGY.

WHILST Thee, with tongues of splendor, the orbs of heaven
praise ;
Whilst gems to Thee their voices, with tongues of brilliance,
raise ;
Whilst unto Thee wood-warblers, with tongues of joyance sing ;
Whilst wood-flowers Thy sweet praises from tongues of fragrance
fling ;
Whilst Thee, with tongues of clearness the water-floods applaud ;
Thus, day by day, from all things dost Thou receive not laud.
Wilt Thou not deign to suffer the tongue Thou gavest me—
Though I be dumb and thoughtless—to offer praise to Thee ?

“HOW HAPPY EVERY CHILD OF GRACE.”

—*Charles Wesley.*

A LITTLE girl, sobbing as though her heart would break, while the warm gushing tears rolled down her cheeks, went forward to, and knelt down at an altar, saying, “I’m so wicked, I want you to pray for me.” Soon after she arose, her face shining with a heavenly radiance, and sang,—

"How happy every *child* of grace
Who knows *her* sins forgiven."

The people said, "She is only a child, she will soon get over it." But she did not. She kept on singing. And some time afterward, when her mother had company, she came into the room as happy as a lark, singing this same hymn. Her mother said, "You ought not to sing in company." But she replied, "*I can't help it; it sings itself.*"

"LORD, I AM THINE."

—*S. Davies.*

A CHRISTIAN captain, who had a Christian crew, was caught, near a rocky shore, in a driving storm. They were being driven rapidly toward the rocks, when he ordered them to "cast anchor." They did so, but it broke. He ordered them to cast the second. They did so, but it dragged. He then ordered them to cast the third and *last*. They cast it out, while the captain went down to his room to pray. He fell on his knees and said, "O Lord, this vessel is thine, these

noble men on deck are thine, and I am thine. If it be more for thy glory that our vessel be wrecked on the rocks, and we go down in the sea, 'thy will be done.' But if it be more for thy glory that we live to work for thee, then hold the anchor!" Calmly he rose to return to the deck, and as he went he heard a chorus of voices singing,—

"Lord, I am thine!"

It seemed like an angel song. Reaching the deck, he found his brave men standing with their hands on the cable, that they might feel the first giving of the anchor, on which hung their lives, and looking calmly on the raging of the elements, as they sung, "with the spirit and with the understanding also,—

"Lord, I am thine!"

The anchor held till the storm was past, and they anchored safe within the bay.

"LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD."

THERE was need of a secretary in a certain Sabbath-school, and the pastor invited

a fast young man, who was a book-keeper, to come into the school and take the position. He accepted the invitation, and soon after heard the school sing this beautiful song, and said to the pastor, "If you'll sing that song to-night, I'll come to prayer-meeting." At night the young man was there, the song was sung, his heart was touched, he yielded to the Spirit's influences, asked for the prayers of God's people, and went down to his house justified.

"I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE."

—*P. P. Bliss.*

THE beautiful song of which this is the first line, was suggested by the motto, "This I did for thee," which a German clergyman placed under a print of "Christ on the Cross," that hung in his study. It is said that Count Zinzendorf, of precious memory, was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto.

"WE'RE TRAVELING HOME TO HEAVEN ABOVE."

A SOLDIER in hospital, three times picked

up the hymn, "Will you go?" which was scattered as a tract, and twice threw it down again. The last time he read it, thought of it, and taking his pencil, wrote deliberately on the margin these words: "By the grace of God, I will try to go. John Waugh, Company G, Tenth Regiment, P. R. V. C." That night he went to a prayer-meeting, read his resolution, requested prayers for his salvation, and said, "I am not ashamed of Christ now; but I am ashamed of myself for having been so long ashamed of him." He was killed a few months after. How timely was his resolution!

We're traveling home to heaven above:

Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love:

Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,

Anointed kings and priests to God;

And millions more are on the road:

Will you go?

AT the close of a prayer meeting at Charlestown in a public hall, the pastor urged all who were present to join their Christian band

and march with them to the home of the faithful and blest, and requested the congregation to sing the above hymn. It was sung with earnestness and power, and as it rose and filled the hall, it reached the ears of a husband and wife who were sleeping in a room above, and after listening to several verses, the woman sat up in her bed and said, "Yes, I will go."

"I'M TRYING TO CLIMB UP ZION'S HILL."

—*Rev. J. G. Chaffee.*

A YOUNG boy of twelve, named Arthur, had been converted, and had lived a Christian life several months, when, one day, he yielded to passion, and threw a stone which nearly killed a little playmate. His sufferings from remorse and penitence for the harm that he had done and the dishonor he had cast upon his Saviour were intense, and at the class-meeting several days after, his sorrow was still so deep that he could not speak when called upon, and his father spoke for him. During the meeting the hymn had been sung,—

• "The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,"

Just before the meeting closed, Arthur said, earnestly, through his tears, "I'm trying to climb up that Zion's hill." This incident was the basis of the familiar Sunday-school song,—

"I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill,
For the Saviour whispers love me," &c.

"GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH."

—*William Williams.*

THE power of this hymn as a shield is illustrated by an allegory of Christmas Evans. "I see the unclean spirit rising like a winged dragon, circling in the air, and seeking for a resting-place. Casting his fiery glances toward a certain neighborhood, he spies a young man in the bloom of life, and rejoicing in his strength, seated on the front of his cart, going for lime. 'There he is!' said the old dragon; 'his veins are full of blood, and his bones of marrow; I will throw into his bosom sparks from hell; I will set all his passions on fire; I will lead him from bad to worse, until he shall perpetrate every sin. I will make him a murderer, and his soul shall sink,

never again to rise, in the lake of fire.' By this time, I see it descend, with a fell swoop toward the earth; but, nearing the youth, the dragon heard him sing,—

'Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah !

Pilgrim through this barren land:

I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Strong Deliverer,

Be thou still my strength and shield.'

'A dry, dry place, this,' says the old dragon; and away he goes. But I see him again hovering about in the air, and casting about for a suitable resting-place. Beneath his eye there is a flowery meadow, watered by a crystal stream; and he descries among the kine a maiden, about eighteen years of age, picking up here and there a beautiful flower. 'There she is!' says Apollyon, intent upon her soul; 'I will poison her thoughts; she shall stray from the paths of virtue; she shall think evil thoughts, and become impure; she shall become a lost creature in the great city, and, at last, I will cast her down from the precipice into everlasting burnings.' Again he took his downward flight, but he no sooner came near the

maiden, than he heard her sing the following words, with a voice that might have melted the rocks,—

‘Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone :
Still support and comfort me.’

Again he turned away defeated. The devil, can say, as did the enemies of the reformers, ‘By their songs we are conquered.’”



OUR SHIELD OF SONG.

“JESUS LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW.”

ONE Sunday a man came into our Sunday-school at the Boston North End Mission, drawn by the sweetness of the children's singing. He remained until the close, and came

again that evening to our prayer-meeting. When the customary invitation to seek the Saviour was given, he came forward and found "peace in believing." To a few of us who had remained to pray with the penitent seekers he said, "My friends, I feel that I'm a saved man, and *I owe it to your children's singing 'Jesus loves me,' this afternoon.* I couldn't realize it, I've been such a miserable sinner; but after I went away I thought it over, 'Jesus loves me;' and then I thought of the next line, 'For the Bible tells me so,' and I tried to *believe* it, and I came here this evening to get you to pray for me." He became a regular attendant at the Mission, and while with us gave the clearest evidence of a genuine change of heart.

This is but one of very many similar instances of almost weekly occurrence at this Mission. This same man soon after felt called by the Holy Spirit to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, and at present he is regularly occupying a pulpit in Massachusetts, spending much of his time during the week in lecturing upon the evils of intemperance,

and warning the young against this monstrous iniquity.—*Dr. E. Tourjee.*

“I HAVE sad news for you to-day, Mr. Proctor.”

“Yes, Mrs. Marsh, these little girls have been telling me of how little Josey K. was killed; and is it so? Tell me about him.”

“Yes, Mr. Proctor, Joseph is dead. He was a dear little fellow, as you know. Not yet five years old, but he was a good boy. He loved to come to your infant class and sing the sweet hymns about Jesus that you teach these little ones. At home he was constantly talking of what he had learned at the infant class. The night before he died his mother put him to bed and left him, thinking he was asleep. Very soon she heard him singing,—

‘Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,’ etc.,

one of the little hymns that he learned here. That very Friday afternoon that he was killed, before the school was out the teacher

asked the scholars what they would like to sing, when Joseph spoke up at once,—

‘Jesus loves me,’

and struck the tune, and all the scholars joined in. Then the school was dismissed. Joseph went to play on the railroad, and was carried home a mutilated, lifeless corpse. He was a good little boy,” she continued, “and I think understood what he was taught here remarkably well for a boy of his years. Let me tell you a little incident for your encouragement. A few days before his death he disobeyed his mother and was corrected for it. Time and again the little fellow went to her to obtain forgiveness. She readily forgave him. That night, after she had left him snugly in bed, she heard him sobbing. Going to him she said, ‘What’s the matter, Josey?’ ‘Wont you ask God to forgive me because I was naughty, mother?’ ‘Why, I forgave you, Josey, because you were sorry.’ ‘Yes, but wont you ask God to forgive me, too?’ This showed that he understood the nature of sin.”

S. S. Journal.

"THE GOD OF ABRAH'M PRAISE."

—*Olivers.*

THE late Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D., passing through the streets of Baltimore, saw an aged and feeble colored man sawing some hard wood by the side of the road. Feeling that the colored man's lot was a hard one, as he contrasted his age and feebleness with the hardness of the work to be done, he approached him to speak a few kind and encouraging words. But drawing near he heard the old man singing softly and sweetly,—

"The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood."

The Doctor passed on, saying, "He is rich;—he has a better friend than I could be, and he is safe!"

RICHARD WATSON, in his last sickness, often quoted these last four lines:—

' I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

"SEE HOW GREAT A FLAME ASPIRES."

— *Charles Wesley.*

THIS well-known, animated, and emphatic hymn was composed "after preaching to the Newcastle colliers," on the joyful occasion of its author's ministerial success, and that of his fellow-laborers, among that rough and hardy people. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wesley's biographer, says, "Perhaps the imagery was suggested by the large fires, which illuminate the whole part of that country in the darkest nights."—*Belcher.*

"WHEN ISRAEL, OF THE LORD BELOVED."

— *Walter Scott.*

THIS poem first appeared in "Ivanhoe." Rebecca, a Jewess, had been falsely accused of witchcraft and condemned to die. She is in prison awaiting her execution, when she

is represented by the author as singing these beautiful lines.

“THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.”

—*Isaac Watts.*

WE learn from an American writer, who obtained his information on the spot, that the author of this familiar hymn,—in which every image is said to be scriptural, every suggestion appropriate, and every association holy,—wrote it at Southampton, his native town, while sitting at the window of a parlor which overlooked the river Itchen, and in full view of the Isle of Wight, “beyond the swelling flood,” representing “the land of pure delight,”—

“Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

It is indeed a fair and beautiful type of that paradise of which the poet sung. It rises from the margin of the flood and swells into boundless prospect, all mantled in the richest verdure of summer, checkered with forest growth, and fruitful fields under the

highest cultivation, and gardens, and villas, and every adornment which the hand of man, in a series of ages, could create on such susceptible grounds. As the poet looked upon the waters then before him, he thought of the final passage of the Christian,—

“Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.”

—*Belcher.*

“IF E’ER YOU MEET WITH TRIALS.”

HYMNS have often administered comfort in the severest trials. A lady who was called to endure much anxious suffering became greatly perplexed as to the duty which devolved upon her, and retired to her room to consider the matters which caused her agitation. Being sorely grieved in spirit, she laid her head on the table and wept bitterly. So intense was her grief that she scarcely perceived her little daughter, who quietly sat in a corner of the room. Unable longer to bear the sight of her mother’s distress, this sweet girl stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of

her own, she said, "Mamma, you once taught me a pretty hymn,—

'If e'er you meet with trials
Or troubles by the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.'"

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child, by receiving from her in happy season the lesson she had herself given.—*Belcher.*

"O THOU GOD OF MY SALVATION."

—*Charles Wesley.*

REV. MR. QUIGLEY died lately at Laurel, on the Eastern Shore, Maryland. He was quite prominent in the Philadelphia Conference. His death is thus described by a writer in *The Methodist Home Journal*:—

"After giving me directions about his funeral, he said, 'Tell my brethren the Gospel I have preached so long sustains me now; this is my testimony.' A short time before his death, he called his family to his

side, and all who were in the house, and gave us his dying charge and his blessing. He much of the time talked scarcely above a whisper; but now he warmed up, and in an ecstasy spoke to us about an hour, praising God, quoting Scripture and hymns. His voice would have filled the church. He was evidently dying, but was perfectly conscious and aware of his condition. When asked if he was trusting in Jesus, he promptly answered, 'Yes, bless the Lord! Jesus is all in all—He is my Saviour—all is well.' He then began to quote,—

“ ‘O Thou God of my salvation —
My Redeemer from all sin ;
Mov—’

Here he paused, unable to finish the beautiful stanza. A little after he began,—

“ ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.’

He again paused, and” says the Doctor, “I added the remainder of the verse, and said, ‘That is what you mean.’ He replied, ‘Yes, yes, that is it—that is my experience. I feel that I could shout.’ One of his physicians,

who was present, remarked, 'This is worth more than a whole volume written in defense of the Christian religion.' "

"WHY SHOULD WE START AND FEAR TO DIE?"

, —*Isaac Watts.*

A DYING pastor once said, "I have often wondered why, when I visited many of my people, in their last hours, I found them so constantly using hymns as expressing their feelings, and sometimes half smiled that so many of them used the very same hymns; but I understand it all now. The people of Jesus think and feel alike as they get near to his throne; and the smoothness of a hymn conveys the idea they need, without the effort of thinking. How sweet to me now is the ten-thousandth-time-repeated verse,—

'Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on His breast I lean my head,

And breath my life out sweetly there!'"

Mr. Pearson has very truly said that as the mental powers grow feeble, there would seem to be a soothing and consoling influence in

devotional poetry, which speaks peace to the departing Christian. How often do we find the learned scholar, the profound theologian, or the keen controversialist, seeking spiritual comforts in his last hours from simple hymns! Such was Prudentius, the advocate, soldier, and courtier of the fourth century, who, as Izaak Walton relates, "not many days before his death charged his soul to present to his God each morning and evening a new and spiritual song." Such were the accomplished Walter Raleigh, the scholar and diplomast Wootton, Dr. Donne, George Herbert, and the erratic but pious Edward Irving, who died while singing the Hebrew of the 23d Psalm. Southey has truly said of the hymns of the Wesleys, "Perhaps no poems have ever been so devoutly committed to memory, or quoted so often on a death-bed."—*Belcher*.

"I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF
OLD."

Not long since, a newsboy in New York was heard crying, "*Bank-Note Reporter*, sir?

“Three more banks down!” The little fellow had not known half a score years, but his eyes were bright, his tongue fluent, and his manners attractive. Stepping into a counting-house, with his bundle of papers under his arm, he saw two gentlemen sitting in front of a fire, engaged in trifling conversation, and proposed to one of them his inquiry, “Bank-Note Reporter, sir?”

“No,” replied one of the gentlemen; “we don’t want any. But stop! if you will sing us a song we will buy one of your Reporters.”

The boy agreed to the terms, and the gentlemen, with an air that showed that they anticipated sport, placed the little fellow on a high stool and told him to proceed to sing. They evidently expected to hear some jovial song, when, to their astonishment, he began the beautiful hymn,—

“I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.”

The effect upon his listeners was at once perceptible, and before he had sung through

the four verses they were both in tears. When he had finished, one of the gentlemen inquired, "Where did you learn that hymn?" "At Sabbath-school," replied the boy.

The reader will, of course, expect to hear that the gentlemen purchased the "*Reporter*," and will not be sorry to learn that, in addition to this, they presented him with a sum of money, and after they had obtained his name and residence they allowed him to go on his way. Is there nothing to move and improve the heart even in the singing of a child? — *Belcher*.

"AND WHEN I'M TO DIE."

DURING the last two or three years of Rowland Hill's life, he very frequently repeated the following lines of a well-known poet,—

 "And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
 But this I can find:
 We two are so joined,
That he'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

"The last time he occupied my pulpit,"

writes his friend and neighbor, the Rev. George Clayton, "when he preached excellently in behalf of a charitable institution, he retired into the vestry after service, under feelings of great exhaustion. Here he remained until all but ourselves had left the place. At length he seemed with some reluctance to summon energy enough to take his departure, intimating that it was probably the last time he should preach in W——. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing indeed was heard but the slow, majestic tread of his own footsteps, when in an undertone he thus soliloquized,—

'And when I'm to die,' etc.

To my heart this was a scene of unequalled solemnity, nor can I ever recur to it without a revival of that hallowed, sacred, shuddering sympathy which it first awakened."

When the good old saint lay literally dying, and apparently unconscious, a friend put his

mouth close to his ear, and slowly repeated his favorite lines,—

“And when I’m to die,
Receive me, I’ll cry,” etc.

The light came back to his fast-fading eye, a smile overspread his face, and his lips moved in vain attempt to articulate the words. This was the last sign of consciousness he ever gave.

We could almost wish that every disciple of Christ would commit these lines, quaint as they are, to memory, and weave them into the web of their Christian experience. *Confidence in Christ* and *undeviating adherence to Him* can alone enable us to triumph in life and death.

“AND AM I ONLY BORN TO DIE?”

—*Charles Wesley.*

ONE of the most interesting anecdotes illustrating the power of hymns in the family we have ever met with, was related in a social circle in England a few years ago by a clergyman well acquainted with the facts. Lord —, a nobleman of great wealth, was

a man of the world: his pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honors, and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended in her education; and well did she repay, in her intellectual endowments, the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners; but, alas! the whole family were strangers to God. By a series of remarkable circumstances, the Hon. Miss — was led within the walls of a Methodist church in London and converted to the Lord Jesus. Henceforth she delighted in the service of the sanctuary and in social religious meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overpowering, and the society of those who loved Jesus Christ a heaven upon earth.

The change was seen by her devoted father with deep solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated was to him the occasion of intense grief; and he resolved to correct her erroneous views on the real pleasures and pursuits of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she

would be induced to pursue the fashions and extravagance of others in her own rank of life, and to forsake the Methodist meetings; but she maintained her integrity. He took her on frequent and long journeys, hoping thus to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour. After failing in all his other projects, he determined to introduce her into company under circumstances that would compel her to join in the amusements of the party, or give high offence. It was arranged that on a festive occasion several young ladies should each accompany a performance on the piano-forte with a song. The hour arrived; the party assembled; several had delighted all with their performances, and all were in high spirits. The Hon. Miss —— was called on for a song; and many hearts beat high in hope of victory. The crisis was come. Should she decline, she would be disgraced as insulting her friends; and should she comply, their triumph would be complete. With entire self-possession, she took her seat at the instrument, ran her fingers over its keys, and commenced playing,

singing in a sweet air the words of Charles Wesley,—

“No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone,—
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy ;
But, oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?”

She rose from her seat. The whole party were subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud. One by one the visitors left the house. Lord——never rested till he became a Christian. He lived and died consistently with his profession as a servant of Christ, having, during his union with the people of God, contributed to the cause of benevolence half a million of dollars.—*Belcher.*

“HARK! THE ETERNAL RENDS THE SKY.”

A BEAUTIFUL fact in connection with sing-

ing, is told of the excellent George Whitefield. During the delivery of a sermon in Boston, on the wonders of creation, providence and redemption, a violent tempest of thunder and lightning came on, which so alarmed the congregation that they sat in breathless awe. The preacher closed his note-book, and, stepping into one of the wings of the desk, fell on his knees, and, with much feeling and fine taste, repeated from Dr. Watts,—

“Hark! the Eternal rends the sky!

A mighty voice before him goes,—

A voice of music to his friends,

But threatening thunder to his foes.

Come, children, to your Father’s arms!

Hide in the chambers of my grace

Till the fierce storm be overblown

And my revenging fury cease!”

“Let us devoutly sing to the praise and glory of God this hymn:—Old Hundred.”

The whole congregation instantly rose and poured forth the sacred song. By the time the hymn was finished, the storm was hushed, and the sun, bursting forth, showed the magnificent arch of Peace. Resuming the desk, the preacher quoted, with admirable tact,

“Look upon the rainbow; praise Him that made it. Very beautiful is it in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a great circle; and the hands of the Most High have bended it.” The episode added intense interest to the service.—*Belcher*.

“I AM SO GLAD THAT OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN TELLS OF HIS LOVE IN THE BOOK HE HAS GIVEN.”

THIS popular song, which is the rallying cry of the great revival in Scotland and also of many in America, was suggested to Mr. Bliss by hearing very frequently the chorus,—

“O how I love Jesus!”

He said to himself, “I have sung long enough of *my poor love for Christ*, and now I will sing of *His love for me*.” He sat down and wrote the delightful and inspiring song of which the first verse is,—

“I am so glad that our Father in heaven

Tells of his love in the Book he has given;

Wonderful things in the Bible I see,

This is the dearest that *Jesus loves me*.”

“HOW BRIGHT THESE GLORIOUS SPIRITS SHINE.”

AN evangelist, who did much for the tem-

poral and spiritual welfare of the soldiers in the Crimean war, and by his cheerful manner won many of them to Christ, was returning one night from before Sebastopol to his comfortless lodgings at Balaklava, and wading almost ankle-deep in mud; he lifted up his eyes and viewed the bright, calm stars that shone overhead, and his soul soaring beyond them, he cheered his toilsome way by singing to a well-known tune the inspiring hymn beginning,—

“How bright these glorious spirits shine!

Whence all their bright array?

How came they to the blissful seats

Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great

Who came to realms of light,

And in the blood of Christ have washed

Those robes which shine so bright.”

Next day, as he was on his way to the trenches, he fell in with a poor soldier in miserable circumstances; his clothing was meagre, tattered, and muddy, and his toes were sticking out at the side of his worn-out shoes. The evangelist, Mr. Matheson, asked, in his frank way, how he was getting on, and see-

ing his wretched condition, gave him half a sovereign to buy a pair of shoes. The soldier replied, that, although he was far from being well or comfortable in mind, he was much better than he was *yesterday*. This excited Mr. Matheson's curiosity, and he pressed him to tell why he was so excessive wretched *yesterday*, which he did with some hesitancy and apparent reluctance.

"As I thought," said the soldier, "of all we had passed through since we came out here, that we had been before this ugly place so long, and that we appeared as far from taking it as the first day we sat down before it, I was perfectly miserable, and could hardly have been worse; death seemed preferable to life, and I resolved I would kill myself and be done with it. I took up my musket and went down there about eleven o'clock last night, and was making all ready to despatch myself, when a person I could not distinguish in the darkness passed down near me, wading through the mud, but apparently in a happy mood of mind; for he was singing,—

‘How bright these glorious spirits shine,’ etc.,

to a tune with which I was familiar, and I said to myself, ‘Well, now, this is very cowardly, for that man’s circumstances are, no doubt, as bad as mine, and yet he seems to be happy;’ but, on listening to the words he was singing, I thought he must be in possession of a source of happiness and have a something to support him to which I was quite a stranger. I wished I only knew how to be happy as he was, and with that I put my musket under my arm and returned, and I feel better to-day, and more resolved to bear the worst.”

How great was his surprise to be told that the singer who had charmed away his evil spirit was now before him. “Was it you? Then I won’t keep your half-sovereign; I won’t keep it, now, for your singing last night has given me much more than I can express.” Mr. Matheson told him of his own source of happiness, and pointed him to the cross and the Saviour, and the unhappy soldier of the Crimea became a joyous soldier of Christ.—*Edward Payson Hammond.*

“JESUS, THINE ALL-VICTORIOUS LOVE.”

—*Charles Wesley.*

REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D., formerly President of the Wisconsin State University, now a pastor in Massachusetts, writes of a wonderful and delightful experience, whose history is intimately connected with this hymn: “At my conversion, thirty years ago, through weakness of faith, the seal of my justification was impressed so slightly that the word Abba, my Father, was scarcely legible; yet in answer to a mother’s prayers, in my infancy, consecrating, with conscious acceptance, her son to the Christian ministry, I was called to preach, but called with a ‘woe unto me,’ instead of an ‘anointing with the oil of gladness.’ I will not dwell upon the unpleasant theme of a ministry of twenty years almost fruitless in conversions, through a lack of an unction of the Holy One. My great error was in depending on the truth alone to break stony hearts. The Holy Spirit, though formally acknowledged and invoked, was practically ignored. My personal experience during much of the time consisted in—

'Sorrows and sins, doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.'

But an evangelist with moderate pulpit talent, but extraordinary power to awaken slumbering professors and to bring sinners to the foot of the cross, came across my path. I sought to find the hidings of his power, and discovered that it was the fullness of the Holy Spirit enjoyed as an abiding blessing, styled by him 'Rest in Jesus.' I was convicted. I sought earnestly the same great gift, but could not exercise faith till I had made public confession of my sin in preaching self more than Christ, and being satisfied with the applause of the Church above the approval of her divine Head. I immediately began to feel a strange freedom daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages, 'He shall abide with you forever,' I took the promise, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name,

He will give it you.' The '*verily*' had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the '*whatsoever*' I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Then writing underneath these words, 'To-day is the day of salvation,' I found that my faith had three points to master: *the Comforter, for me, now*. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. Over and over again did I pray the hymn,—

'Jesus, thine all-victorious love.'

Pausing at the epithet, 'all-victorious,' I begged the mighty Saviour to conquer me wholly, and thoroughly reconstruct me from top to bottom, from centre to circumference, and to leave not one disguised rebel lurking within. That prayer was graciously heard. So thorough was the conquest, that not one masked Ku Klux has come forth from his hiding-place to torment my loyal soul, and to render a second

war of extermination necessary. There is a new meaning to the hymns of Charles Wesley, especially to 'Wrestling Jacob,' which I always admired æsthetically but was never in experimental sympathy with. Oh, how real the promises are! I have been treating them like our irredeemable greenbacks, not representing gold to-day, but payable in coin at some indefinite future time. I have found out, to my unspeakable joy, that God has never suspended specie payment; that behind every word of promise there is a gold coin in the treasury of heaven. Let me say, in conclusion, that my spiritual life is no longer like a leaky suction pump, half the time dry, and affording scanty water only by desperate tugging at the handle, but it is like an artesian well of water, 'springing up unto everlasting life.' "

"The fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sinks beneath the brim,
But overflows, and pours me down
A living and life-giving stream."

"MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?"

"I SUPPOSE that you won't go to Sunday-

school to-day, Lucy," said a mother, one stormy Sunday, settling herself to some reading after breakfast.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma. I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home! How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weather, although she lives so far away. She is often obliged to hire a carriage to bring her, and she told the class that one Sabbath when she went through the storm and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she couldn't help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day-schools when it rained harder; and she said while we must always do as our parents thought best, perhaps if we asked them pleasantly to let us go, and were willing to wear our thick boots and water-proofs, they would be willing, if we were well. Please let me go to-day, mamma; you know if it rains ever so much worse to-morrow, I shall go to school, to keep my place in my class."

“Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit; go and get ready.” But when the mother heard Lucy singing softly in the nursery as she dressed herself to go out,—

“Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?”

she could no longer take interest in her book, and when her husband, who was a lawyer, came in soon after from his library, she said, smiling, “Our Lucy is going to Sunday-school especially because it rains, that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. What say you to going to chapel ourselves for the same reason, if we do not for a better?”

“I’m agreed, my love; I was just thinking I never could plead a cause to a vacant court-room, and that our minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews.”—*S. S. Visitor.*

“GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.”

A FRIEND of mine, seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a

door, which led into a room reaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said, "Come in," and he went in. There was no light, but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked of boy.

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? What for?" And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Don't tell him; my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once." (These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it—it is their profession.)

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me, Thou shalt not steal, and

they told me of God in heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me."

Said my friend: "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said, "But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing a hymn, but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then, in a sweet voice, he sang,—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought,
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Grant thy little child a place.

That's my little hymn; good-by!"

The gentleman went again in the morning; went up stairs; knocked at the door—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy

with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home. Thank God that he has said, “Suffer little children to come unto me!” He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond or free, old or young. He sends his angels to the homes of the poor and the destitute, the degraded and the wicked, to take his blood-bought little ones to his own bosom.—*J. B. Gough.*

“LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS OF BLESSING.”

THE singing leader in an inland Sunday-school was a man of skeptical tendencies,—moral and upright, though far from being a Christian. One Sunday this hymn was commenced as usual, but when the leader came to the passage,—

“Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee,”

his voice quivered, his frame shook, and in anguish he cried out, “Pray for me.” It was a scene of thrilling interest, and earnest prayers then went up from teachers and scholars that he who had so long sung the sweet

songs of Zion without feeling their power might now sing with the spirit and the understanding. He was happily converted, and is now a faithful Christian.—*The Congregationalist.*

“SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.”

—*Fannie J. Crosby.*

NOT long ago we visited from time to time, till the end came, a bright young life that had been laid hold of by our great British disease, consumption. Not slow, but terribly sure, were the advances made by this fell waster; and the watching was all the more solemn because the indications of spiritual life were but faint and dubious. Not many weeks before the close, a young lady, one of the recent converts, found her way to this stricken one, and began a series of visits which were most welcome. In the visitor the dying young woman found one younger than herself, who could sing *from experience*, “Safe in the arms of Jesus;” one to whose sweet voice she listened with pleasure, so far as the disease permitted; one whom she soon loved. It is not permitted us

to see into the hearts of others ; but this seemed evident in the case of the poor sufferer now alluded to, that more than any other influence brought to bear upon her, the hymns, words, and visits of the young lady created a longing to know Jesus as her own Saviour.—

“Sketches of the Revival in Scotland.”

“MY GOD, MY FATHER, WHILE I STRAY.”

EVERYBODY knew Claude Davenel was dying ; he knew it himself, and his mother knew it as she sat there watching him. All the villagers knew it, and many an eye was wet as the name of little Claude was whispered among them. He was everybody's favorite. He was the pet of the schoolmaster, and of the boys too ; he was the clergyman's favorite, and not one boy in the choir envied him his sweet voice. Claude had taken his illness on a chilly autumn evening, when the choir were practising in church. One of his companions, Willie Dalton, complained of a sore throat, so that he could not sing, and he sat down cold and sick in his own place. Claude

took off his comforter and wrapped it round his friend's neck, and when the practising was over he ran home with him, and then put on his comforter again as he went back to his own home. Willie was sickening with the scarlet fever, and poor Claude caught it too. Willie recovered but Claude had taken the disease in its worst form, and though the fever had left him he had never been able to recover his strength, and he had grown weaker and weaker and wasted away.

* * * * *

There was a low murmur of voices under the window. Another moment and there was a gentle tap at the door, and Willie Dalton slipped in.

“Mrs. Davenel, we want to sing to Claude.”

The question had been whispered, but Claude heard and caught at it eagerly.

“Oh, do! do! Mother, let me hear them — just once more.”

The poor mother nodded her head sadly.

“It can't hurt him, Willie, and he likes it.”

The boy cast a loving glance upon his friend, and then went quietly out of the room. There

was a few moments of silence, and then the choir-boys sang Claude's favorite hymn,—

“My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
‘Thy will be done!’”

He listened intently when it came to the fourth verse,—

“If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
‘Thy will be done!’”

He clasped his hands together and gently began to join in. When the hymn was ended, his mother bent down over her son. His head had fallen back upon the pillow, and the color had fled from his cheeks.

“Mother,” he said, “write ‘Thy will be done!’ over my grave when I am gone.”

So the little chorister died. He is buried in a spot near the path to the choir-vestry; and till those choir-boys had given place to others, they used to sing each year the same hymn, at Claude Davenel's grave, on the evening of the day on which he died.

"A STRONG CASTLE IS OUR LORD."

—*Martin Luther.*

So select an assemblage of distinguished and elegant men and women had never before been collected in the large, handsome Catholic church of magnificent Dresden, as was present on the afternoon of the Sunday on which the organist Bach, of Leipzig, had promised to play. Countless gentlemen in their shining court-dresses; magnificent ladies in glittering attire; some clad in costly materials and precious stones, others in the more charming ornaments of fresh, blooming youth. They formed a sparkling, animated circle; and in their midst sat the royal form of Augustus of Saxony.

"We are all very anxious to hear the celebrated organist," said the prince; "suspense can be read upon every face; Hasse has expectantly elevated his thick eyebrows, and even the enchanting Faustina casts an uneasy glance around the church, as if she feared to discover a rival. Our virtuoso Marchand alone has not laid aside his mocking smile. But there, three persons appear in the choir!

Look, Bruhl! Two quite youthful men have seated themselves at one side; and what lovely, innocent faces they have!"

"They are the organist's two eldest sons, your majesty," responded Bruhl.

Then a tone arose from the organ, like a heavenly breath of air, and purified all hearts from vain thoughts. Deep silence prevailed; an inexplicable devotion thrilled through all, and every eye was turned upwards. A magnificent prelude swelled forth like a rich, golden stream, upon whose shores bloomed heavenly flowers, and carried the expectant soul away upon its mighty waves, in the powerful, sweeping choral,—

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

The proud song of praise of the *evangelical* Church swept along the choir and floated downwards; while Father Bach's face glowed with happy smiles; for he solemnized at this moment, in the Catholic house of prayer, the triumph of his beloved Church. Like a

crowned conqueror, the elevated melody penetrated through the beautiful aisles, and with so much power that it seemed as though an invisible choir of angels had lent to it their voices. The harmonies flowed continually onward; Father Bach's mind arose higher and higher; the moving sounds became ever more holy, more wondrous; a gigantic, mysterious voice came floating on, ever stronger, striking upon each heart as if about to break it, and soaring aloft as if about to annihilate all beneath it. Then the pillars of the church commenced to tremble; the wailing voices of all mankind were heard imploring compassion; a whole world was entreating for mercy. Mingled with this there arose, like an incense-offering, the melody,—

“A mighty fortress is our God.”

And then the mysterious rustling became louder, as though in answer to the entreaties of divine love. At last the imploring voices seemed to grow weary; the complaints became softer and ever fainter, the beseeching more desponding; then arose, oh, miracle, the

sweet forgiveness! The lofty ceiling of the church seemed to float away; ethereal blue with golden streaks of light poured in, and the breath of spring stirred the vast halls. Deep, ardent tones were heard, and a heavenly, fervent voice, full of infinite compassion, promised eternal forgiveness to sinners. An astonishment mingled with belief and pious exultation now trembled in pure, holy sounds; and at last there arose, powerful, mighty,—millions of happy human voices, mingled with the triumphant Hallelujah of the angels,—the brilliant song of praise called,—

“A mighty fortress is our God.”

The tones of the organ had died away. John Sebastian Bach still sat upon his stool, with folded hands; the radiance of heaven lay upon his countenance. Pale as death, trembling with bliss at the success of their honored father, the sons stood near him. A slight noise was heard in the church; a side-door of the choir was opened, and the Elector entered; behind him came, at a reverential distance, his glittering suite. Augustus of

Saxony approached almost timidly the great man, who sat so humbly before him, and who, lost in pious dreams, appeared not to remark the new-comer, who seemed unwilling to interrupt his prayerful meditation. At last he laid his hand gently upon Bach's shoulder; the organist started, arose, and gazed frankly and smilingly into his face. The master's soul was still filled with the splendor of his God, into whose heaven he had just ascended on the wings of harmony. How could worldly power and earthly glory touch him in this moment of holy inspiration? It even cost him an effort to find words for speech. "Gracious sir," he said, in a low tone, after a long pause, "I see that the voice of God has reached the inmost recesses of your heart? Tell me—does not a wondrously blissful feeling mingle itself with a strange anxiety and dread? Do you not feel as though you were enveloped in sunshine? Do you not long to view larger, more beautiful worlds than this little grain of sand upon which we were born? Does not all earthly glory fade into nothingness beside the glittering splendor of heaven

above? Would you not give yourself up, mind and life, to the divine voice of God, and be carried at once to the abode of the blest?"

"Bach," answered the prince, in a trembling voice, as he stepped close to him, "the presentiment of my approaching death came to me when I heard you play upon the organ! The thought, however, had no terrors for me; I did not fear its aspect, as I once did, when I meditated in the quiet hours of evening upon the obscure enigma of after-life. Oh, master, if I might but hear you play at my dying hour!"

Bach made no answer; he contemplated his much-moved royal master with eyes overflowing with tender emotion and joy. His devout heart enjoyed at this moment a greater triumph than did his artist's pride. There was a rustling at the door; a woman pressed hastily through the prince's suite—a woman in the fullest bloom of life, tall, finely formed, with a proud, Juno-like head; it was Faustina Hasse, the adored singer, the much-praised favorite of all Dresden. She rushed towards the organist with all the passion of an Italian

woman; glowing and weeping, she threw her arms around his neck, kissed him vehemently upon both cheeks, and, sobbing violently, she cried, in the greatest excitement, "Blest, oh, eternally blest be thou, dazzling ray of light!"

Bach was filled with astonishment; the bystanders smiled; then Hasse stepped up, drew his wife towards him with gentle force, mentioned his own name, and clasped the great master's hands with unfeigned reverence. Even the frivolous French mocker and elegant virtuoso Marchand drew near: his handsome lips were no longer wreathed in scornful smiles, but his eyes shone in the moist light of deep emotion. He silently pressed the master's hand to his breast. The Elector's suite followed the favorite's example; the charming court ladies did not remain indifferent; and soon the most beautiful little hands touched the organist's cheeks or fingers, and the loveliest lips spoke their thanks.

Suddenly the master tore himself away with gigantic strength, and he cried, in a voice whose gigantic thunder was re-echoed by the arches of the church, "Enough!—Such soft

caressing and sporting should not be the reward of my serious organ-playing! Away from me, ye seductive figures! I will look upon you no longer! I know now full well that I am in voluptuous Dresden; I long to be away from all these beautiful flowers and serpents; I long to return to my dear, quiet house, and to my wife and children! Gracious sir," he cried, imploringly, turning towards the Elector, who gazed upon the scene with a melancholy smile, "let me go! You must see that the old Sebastian Bach can never be at home here—that he knows not how to swim in these streams!"

"I shall not let you depart," graciously replied the Prince, "until you have asked for a favor for yourself!"

"You can give me nothing, my Elector," Bach answered, openly; "I am richer than you; still, I thank you!"

"But remember your sons!" mildly continued Augustus.

"Well, then, gracious sir, if you could do something for my Friedemann,"—and he drew the blushing one towards him,—“it would

please me much! But not for two years; for I need my boy myself; he is a good engraver, and we are now working upon the Passion music. My Philip"—he then nodded to his second son—"has already been provided for by the Lord; he is succeeding well. I thank you, therefore, with my whole heart, my most gracious Elector!"

The Elector now dismissed the much revered master with the most flattering promises for Friedemann's future; he took their hands, and as they departed he promised to each a favor. The most distinguished gentlemen pressed forward, in order to descend with them; and they assisted the organist into the carriage with as much care and reverence as if he had been the mightiest ruler of the world.—*Polko's Musical Sketches, translated by Fanny Fuller.*

"BISHOP HAVEN ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER."

WITH perfect calmness he summoned to the field a new power, and death had no more dominion over him. "Mr. Chester," he said

to a neighbor present, "you have come to see me die." It was the first word he spoke that showed he saw his fate. It was as calmly spoken as any business or every-day incident. There was no fear in death, no shrinking of the *saved* soul from this approach. He commenced praying, "Save me;" the prayer for heavenly, not earthly salvation. Soon this only petition changed to words of confidence. He calls for Christ. "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!" "He saved others, himself He cannot save," he murmurs; as if the great thought of the Divine Deliverer comes to bear him and make him walk on this sea of death. He was a cultivated singer, fond of the rich music of the sanctuary, leading both congregation and social meeting with his voice and soul. This gift comes to his help. And he begins to repeat, and even to try to sing,—

"I am entering the valley of blessings so sweet,
And Jesus doth dwell with me there."

And snatches of "Rock of Ages," especially the lines,—

"When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne."

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," he half indistinctly utters, passing along the password with which the holy Cookman has cheered two dying beds of our own kindred. And then for many minutes with every dying breath he quietly exclaims, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah," not so much a shout of rapture as a psalm of content. It seemed as if the Hallelujah Chorus of the Messiah was in his mind, and he was repeating its jubilant words, exulting that the last dreadful storm of life was over, and that he was safe. This seemed the more appropriate, as the thought arose that a very dear niece of his, a sweet and accomplished singer, passed on, in the jubilee week of three years ago, with like songs on her lips, and he, just preparing for the renewed jubilee, was called to the singers of heaven. And being called, went peacefully up the shining way, singing hallelujah. The breathing grew slower and interrupted, yet every breath seemed a thanksgiving, until at thirty minutes past five, two hours and over of quiet sailing up the

river of God, he whispered several times what seemed to be "thankful," or "thank God!" and ceased to breathe.

"A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS."

BY LYDIA G. WELCH.

How Alice Morton struck the Right Note.

"Stop your noise! You will break every dish in the house if you persist in ringing the changes on that one note—it might as well be one."

Alice looked up surprised at this grim order from her uncle James.

Now, Uncle James was an old bachelor, with no little boys or girls of his own to sweeten him; consequently he was somewhat tart. People said he was wedded to science; at any rate, he was so devoted to it that he did not have much time to be pothered with such small matters as children—not even those of his sister. Still he had the habit of sugaring his speech for little Alice, however much gall there might be in the words he gave to the rest of the world.

Long before Uncle James checked her, Alice's fingers were busy with the endless toilet-making of her doll Flora, and she was singing over and again,—

“Oh! how I love Jesus,
Oh! how I love Jesus,
Oh! how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me.”

Now she began to think she understood why almost everybody called her Uncle James by such names as Growler, Scrooge and Acoustics. She was about to join Tom and Lucy when she recalled the oddity of what her uncle had said about breaking the dishes by singing, and in a musical laugh she struck notes that were more varied and more melodious than those she had left.

“There! that's something like it,” said Uncle James, and his face began to soften to its wonted expression toward her.

“How funny you are!” exclaimed Alice; “do tell what you mean.”

Then he talked in a very wise way about sympathetic vibration, fundamental tones and the like.

Alice thought he was trying to amuse her, as he sometimes did, by speaking in a foreign language, and she asked him to tell her the English of those German words.

It was his turn to laugh, but he made poor work of it. Like what made Jack a dull boy, it was all work and no play.

He told the wondering young pupil that a glass dish might be broken by the human voice repeating a particular note. The difficulty would be, he said, to strike the right note, the vibrating note. He went on to say that when the first English suspension-bridge was built, a fiddler declared that he could fiddle it down; and after trying a great many times he struck the vibrating note, when the bridge shook so that the builders begged him to stop.

"I wonder if he expects me to believe that," whispered Tom to Lucy, as they listened in the adjoining conservatory.

"Hush, Tom; he will hear you," said Lucy. Then her clear, sweet voice rang out,—

"One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me."

Uncle James frowned. From the piazza where an invalid sister was taking her morning walk, there came in soft, pleading tones, the words,—

“O Lord in mercy speak to me;
I’m kneeling at the door.”

At that moment Mrs. Morton passed through the hall, cheerily trolling,—

“Oh! what must it be to be there.”

She entered his study just in time to hear her brother say, “Confound those Methodists! they will yet have all the world screeching their cant. If they want to follow Wesley, and not let the devil have all the good tunes, why don’t they set some real poetry to a few fine operatic airs, instead of having the same thing over and over and over again? It crazes me. Verily, this is a degenerate age, when the multitude are caught by pietistic nonsense, and have no taste for scientific sense.”

Mrs. Morton replied: “Perhaps the poor souls who make up the multitude can be helped to heaven as well in the way the Methodists choose as in yours.”

He continued: “What a foolish freak of

yours that was last summer, to take a tent on a Methodist camp-ground!"

"Why not there as well as in the Adirondacks?" she answered. "I am sure it was much more comfortable, and quite as conducive to health. As for fashionable places I am heartily tired of them."

"Oh! it was ever so nice," interposed Alice. "If you had gone with us as I wanted you to, I am sure you would have liked it. There were no notices to keep off the grass, and we could be out from morning till night. Oh! such lovely, wild walks in the woods! and all the birch and sassafras we could eat. Don't you remember, mamma, how we used to take our dishes in the grove and spread the big rocks for a table, and give dinner-parties? Over our heads vines had got tangled in trying to run over the tall trees; and through the leaves the sky and the sunshine played peep-a-boo with us, and with the pretty ferns and flowers and mosses growing all around us."

"Yes, dear, and I remember that point which overlooks the waters of a broad bay, bordered by hills beyond which the sun always sets, and sometimes in glory."

"What fun we did have," said Alice, "counting the sails and telling the names of the craft, and following the porpoises."

"Yes," continued the mother; "often as the day was dying, I have watched the green and purple shadows as they stretched across the water and met long, golden and rosy beams, on which phantom ships seemed to ride, and with which floating clouds loved to play."

"How nice it was," said Alice, "down by the beach to play in the sand and paddle in the water as much as we liked—and the clam-bakes, too, mother! But, best of all, Uncle James, we could wear our school-dresses all day."

"Think of that at Saratoga," interposed Tom, whom the conversation had interested in behalf of their new summer resort. "I wore my sailor suit, and I never had so jolly a time, bathing, boating and fishing."

"It seems to me," Lucy added, "that we got more comfort there, with less fuss about it, than at the grand places where we had to be starched stiff all the while."

"Oh, well," said Uncle James to Mrs. Mor-

ton, despairingly, as if it were the worst thing that could possibly happen, "I suppose, Jane, that instead of being a man of science, this boy of yours will come out a ranting Methodist."

Tom declared, "I like the Methodists, anyhow. They're none of your stupid, whining Christians. They're wide-awake, and take religion as if they enjoyed it. If ever I join the Church, that's just what I'll be—a Methodist."

"Precisely as I expected, and the worst of it is, Jane, you don't care," was the brother's parting thrust as he wheeled in his chair toward the table, on which lay the latest scientific books and journals. For some reason, he could not as usual fix his mind on them. The refrains kept ringing in his ears, while ever and anon intruded serious thoughts of that Jesus whom he despised.

The next morning Uncle James did not come down to breakfast. This was nothing remarkable; for he slept late, as he pored over his dry books long after the children were in dreamland. At length, Mrs. Morton went to

his room. She found him very ill. The doctor came, and said, "He must have a course of fever."

Day after day he tossed on his bed, wild with delirium. He uttered curses and oaths, mingled with words of love and blessing. The long days of pain and the longer nights of wakefulness at last wore away. Sleep came and carried off the demon that glared through his eyes. But he was left weak and helpless. The first person he asked for was Alice. When she put her plump, white hand in his and kissed his wrinkled brow, he murmured to himself, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Then he said, "Allie, sing something."

"What shall I sing?"

"What you please, Allie."

As if the angels taught her, she sang,—

"Just as I am, without one plea,

But that thy blood was shed for me;"

and the rest of that hymn with which so many sick souls have gone to Jesus and been healed.

As the words fell in melody on the sick man's ear, a peaceful, restful look stole over

his anxious, weary face. When the child had finished, he said, "Teach me those words, Allie." They who cared for him wept when they saw one who had been so strong, and so wise, and so sceptical, with feeble voice, and imperfect memory, and faltering faith, trying to learn little Allie's hymn.

Not a day passed that he did not ask of his favorite some simple lay. As he grew stronger, the child's hymns and her prattle still delighted him. She always sang and talked of Jesus as a friend whom she loved; one who had been here and gone away, leaving messages of love; one who will come to us in spirit, if we ask him, and be more really near than the absent friends whom we see in our dreams.

She sang and talked from her heart. She had found the vibrating note. The soul of Uncle James was stirred, and he humbled himself, and became even as that little child.
The Methodist.

"HYMNS AT THE HOUR OF DEATH."

From the Third Report of Home for Women, New York.

THIS truthful sketch, illustrative of Jesus'

wonderful power to save, is given in the hope that Christians may be led by it to put forth efforts to reach the fallen; assured that if they will work in earnest, and with unswerving trust in the power of God to make their efforts effectual, they shall be "mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of satan."

It was in the fall of '71, when two girls entered the "Home for Women" in Water Street, New York, having made their escape from a den of prostitution next door. The one was called "Mary," the other and older, "Sarah Jane." The latter, the subject of this sketch, had lived in that den a life of crime six years. She possessed an interesting face, and for more than a year before her appearance in the Home, she was the subject of special prayer by the matron and missionary, who continued to believe that the Lord would some day bring her and Mary into the house; while yet all access to them, shut up as in a prison, was closed. Sarah Jane was born in a New England State, of American parents who were respectable, and, her mother at least, pious. Of her early life nothing is known, except

that, like as with the majority of the fallen, she was deceived, fell, went down from bad to worse. Seven years ago she came to New York with her deceiver, was forsaken, and soon entered upon a life of open shame. It is not necessary to speak of those years. They were years of wormwood and gall, alleviated betimes by resorting to the dance and the drink, as, step by step, she went down in the scale, till her foot struck bottom in the lowest degree of utter degradation for man and woman — Water Street.

When she entered the Home, she did not know by what means she could be lifted up and saved. She had no idea there was anything of good left in the world for her, except to hide herself in this friendly asylum from the eyes of all. Soon the blessed Holy Spirit took hold of her heart; the lessons of hope and trust for a brighter future, daily taught her from lips full of the honey of true love for the erring one, under God's blessing took root. Under deep conviction of sin, apparent in all her conduct, she commenced to seek the Saviour of "the lost;"

and it was not long before Jesus appeared. For some time, however, her experience, while it gave her peace and hope, failed to satisfy every doubt, and lift her into a region of joy and perfect assurance. And this it was her privilege to possess. For our Redeemer is no respecter of persons: the crimson sins are made white as those of lighter hue, and peace and fullness of joy by the Holy Ghost is the heritage of "whosoever believeth."

During the winter, a series of religious meetings were held in the Greene Street Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Rev. J. S. Inskip, and other members of the National Association. "The power of God was present to heal the people." One evening the matron, with other ladies, took Sarah Jane, Mary, and several other inmates of the "Home," to the meeting. At the invitation to seekers to go forward to the altar, Sarah Jane voluntarily arose and knelt as one. It was interesting to witness this commingling of such as she, with seekers of heart-purity from among the highest classes in social and religious life. The progress of God's salva-

tion was not disturbed, however, because "one so unhallowed should tread in that hall." Together they were blessed, "washed in the blood,"—cleansing needed as well for the high as the low. As Sarah rose, at the close of the meeting, her face shone, her eyes beamed as if with a light from within. She was fully saved. "Oh," she said, "how good is the Lord to permit me to be among these good women! I who was so wicked but a little time ago." As she went back to the Home, her heart bounded with the fullness of joy which she had newly received; and from that hour her testimony and happy walk attested the marvelous change. How soon was this faith to be tried, and the soundness of this glorious experience to be put to the severest test! In two months Sarah Jane suddenly sickened, and soon after died. Did she endure to the end, triumphant? Though it was an unexpected summons, the bright messenger found her ready. Through the dreadful agony which she suffered at times, the note of victory was often heard, and her unruffled patience spoke even more loudly that Jesus was the strength of her heart.

On one occasion one of the inmates, watching at Sarah's bed, sang,—

“Oh! bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me,
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.”

“Sing that again,” said Sarah. “Does it cleanse you?” said her watcher. “Yes, it does, thank God!” Then was read to her, John xiv., “Let not your heart be troubled,” etc.; “yes: that is good; I like it. I am not afraid to die, if it be God's will to take me,” was Sarah's reply.

She had been lying in an apparently unconscious state for some time, on one occasion, when the girls of the Home sang,—

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,” etc.

She suddenly arose, put up both hands, and, looking up, broke out, “No! no! other refuge have I none.” Emma sung, “I am trusting, Lord, in thee,” and inquired, “You are trusting, Sarah, are you not?” “Yes,” she replied quickly. “Why don't you trust yourself? you must trust fully.” The matron knelt

at her bedside ; and, while engaged in silent prayer, Sarah broke out in sudden exclamation, "I am ready ; I am going to the land of rest." She earnestly commended the girls of the Home to Jesus, and manifested a special interest in "little Mary," who came with her from the house next door ; she often prayed for her, and expressed anxiety for her salvation. Her last words were, "Jesus saves me now !" and soon after quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

Her funeral services were held in the chapel, where there gathered the abandoned women of the neighborhood, upon whom the unusual and solemn services seemed to produce deep impressions. Her body was forwarded to the few remaining relatives of her family. Thus was achieved another victory of the Lord Jesus, able to save to the uttermost. Thus again was rewarded simple faith and earnest work for the fallen — "fallen" past the help of man, past the sympathy of the multitude, beyond the stolid, perfunctory services of the stately sanctuary, and the thought of the worshippers therein ; but not "fallen" from God's love, and the reach of Christ's blood, and the

power of the Holy Ghost, and the rescuing faith of earnest workers.

All glory to Jesus! "Another Crown Jewel from the Sewers" studs his brilliant diadem, already sparkling with many such. To Him be all the honor of her salvation. But when, O! when, will the idle throng of Christians, joyfully worshipping on plush and velvet, shake off their drowsy sleep, and go out into the lanes and hedges, as their Master before them, and seek and save the lost?

"If you cannot in the harvest,
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall;
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all."

WHAT A PASTOR HAS FELT AND SEEN OF THE
POWER OF SACRED SONG.

BY REV. GEO. F. PENTECOST, OF BOSTON.

My Dear Brother:

YOU ask me to give you, from my own personal experience and observation, any facts

in relation to the use and power of sacred song in connection with the work of the Holy Spirit for the conversion and sanctification of sinners; and I most gladly bear my testimony.

I presume my experience is not different in kind from that of all other Christians who have submitted themselves to God under this wonderful instrument of the Spirit.

THE POWER OF SONG UPON CHILDHOOD.

Some of my earliest religious awakenings were in connection with the hymns for children that were just beginning to be sung in the Sabbath-schools when I was yet a little boy. I mention one beginning:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to His fold:
I should like to have been with them then."

That little hymn would always quiet me and beget within my heart seriousness and longing. When as a child I used to hear or sing it, I would wonder if there was any blessing that I might have from Jesus that would correspond to His calling little children to Him,

and laying His gentle, loving hands on their heads and blessing them. And in after years, when I had grown to be a young man, away from home, and far from God by wicked works, that little hymn of my childhood would often come to my memory; and more than once I have sung it with choking voice and tearful eye, and with motions of real penitence in my heart. It is true that these effects were transient, but they were real and mighty; and I doubt not that God used that child's hymn and the sweet echoes of many others—now forgotten—to keep my heart from becoming perfectly hardened against His “gentle voice.”

POWER OF SONG IN YOUNG MANHOOD.

To-day, on looking back over the fourteen years that have passed since I gave my life to Jesus, among the precious recollections of those happy days I recall a few dear old hymns that sung themselves into my heart, and taught me truths of God that otherwise I might not have learned, and led me to the sources of joy and delight which otherwise I might not

have found. I can hear those voices now, that used to lead the singing in that blessed revival time. Some of them, it is true, were poor and cracked and discordant—it was a congregation of “common people”—and would have utterly spoiled and ruined any songs other than those of the sanctuary, that were sung in those hours of the Spirit’s presence and power, with hearts making melody to the Lord. I think it was the singing of that simple old hymn and chorus—which I now quote—that awakened in me the desire to be a Christian, by setting before me its promise of “sweetest pleasure” and “solid comfort” in strong contrast with the unsatisfying portions I was getting from worldly pleasures, and the fear and dread of death that was so constantly before me:—

“’Tis religion that can give,
In the light, in the light,
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
In the light of God.

’Tis religion must supply,
In the light, in the light,
Solid comfort when we die,
In the light of God.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God."

Eternity only will reveal the power that hymn had over me, both in bringing me to God, and in strengthening and encouraging me in the first days of trial and temptation that came to me as a young Christian.

Time would fail me to speak at length of my experimental relations to those old classics,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.

SONG AS A DELIVERER.

I am profoundly sure that among the divinely ordained instrumentalities for the conversion and sanctification of the soul, God has not given a greater, beside the preaching of the gospel, than the singing of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." I have known a hymn to do God's work in a soul when every other instrumentality has failed. I could not enumerate the times God has

rescued and saved my soul from darkness, discouragement, and weariness, by the singing of a hymn, generally by bringing one to my own heart and causing me to sing it to myself.

A year or two after I entered the ministry, I passed through an experience that on the dark side of it culminated in leading me to believe not only that I had been mistaken in supposing that God had called me to the work of the ministry, but also that I was even mistaken in supposing that I was a Christian at all. Oh! the blackness and darkness of those hours! I cannot portray the dense gloom that gathered about my soul, and was fairly pressing me down to hell. In this fearful state of mind, having almost yielded up to despair, I was returning to my home from a neighboring town where I had been assisting(?) a "ministering brother" in a "protracted meeting." I got aboard the train, flung myself into a seat next a window of the car, and made another desperate effort to recover myself, my faith, my hope, my confidence in God. I prayed in Spirit,

I even called aloud on God, unmindful of the people around me; I went over the promises, and searched my memory through for some word of the Lord that would bring me help. But God's Word was a silent and sealed book for me, and my heart seemed to be turning into stone. In the midst of this wretchedness I was looking out of the car window up into the star-lit heavens, and wondering if there was a God, if there was any Jesus, any Christ, if there was any hereafter. While thus gazing into the dimly lighted darkness without, from out of the midnight darkness within, with only the numb sense of my own wretchedness, as a man might feel who knows he is freezing to death without power to help himself, and, indeed, not caring to any longer, because it seems easier to die, I heard the low voice of singing in my heart, *I say I heard the voice of singing within me*, and harkening I caught the words of it, and with my own lips in low, tremulous tones began to sing,—

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,

All to leave and follow Thee:

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,

Thou from hence my all shall be.”

I wondered at myself and at the song—I found my heart softening—I knew that tears were in my eyes—I felt them running down my cheeks—I was away back with Jesus on the cross—I heard his cry, “My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?” and in that same moment the Holy Ghost gave me fellowship with my Saviour, and I knew that cry from him was not for himself alone, but for *me*. I sang on through the hymn with still melting heart, with returning faith, hope and confidence, until in a perfect ecstasy of peace I reached the lines,—

“Oh, 'tis not in griefs to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.”

And then, like a comforted child, I fairly laid my weary heart against His dear loving heart, knowing in my soul that *He loved me*, that *He died* and *rose* again for me, that He lived for me and that as never before *we* were united to *each other*. Thus that precious hymn was God's hand reached out to save me when I was sinking; thus He was pleased to manifest

Himself to me in a sweeter, surer, and stronger way than I had yet known him. He had chosen to do this by and in a hymn, rather than by prayer, or meditation, or promise. As the cake baked on the coals and the cruse of water at his head were to Elijah, so was that hymn to me; at least it was the hand of the angel that touched me and pointed me to the "true bread" and the "living water" in the strength of which, having eaten and drank, I went many days, yea, and am still even now walking.

SONG AS A HELP TO CONSECRATION.

Years after when I was passing through consecration into deeper fellowship with the Lord, it pleased him to use that same hymn again; this time not so much for immediate *comfort* as for *searching*. By inward teaching the Spirit was making me to know something of the meaning of the Master when he said, "If any man will come after me let him deny *himself*, and take up *his* cross daily and follow *me*." Whilst I was learning somewhat painfully this lesson, I was one day suddenly

checked in the singing of this, one of my favorite hymns, with the distinct question, "can you *truly* sing,—

‘Jesus, *I my cross have taken,*
All to leave and follow Thee?’”

I say I found myself checked in the singing of it for a long time; until, in my deepest heart and purpose, I had truly denied myself into his hands, to be “armed with the same mind.” But now, “thanks be unto God who always giveth us the victory,” after having been searched by it, as I was never searched before, I can joyfully and honestly sing that doubly dear old hymn “in the Spirit and with the understanding also.” The Lord always makes it a great comfort and power to my soul. And as a response to that hymn, now, always come those lines of Charles Wesley’s great psalm,—

“Thou, *O Christ*, art all I want,
More than all in *Thee* I find.”

I might magnify the grace of God ministered to me, by reference to many more hymns, but as the above may serve for illustrations of the use God has made of hymns in deal-

ing with my own soul, I pass to record, in a similar manner, the power of song as I have witnessed it in others, coming under my own pastoral care.

SONG AS A MEANS OF CONVERSION.

I said above that I have known a hymn to be used of God for the conversion of a soul where every other means had failed to bring light into the darkened and troubled heart. Once I was detained after prayer-meeting with a few others, to converse and pray with a young woman who was under deep conviction, and who refused to go away from the place of prayer until she had found Jesus. It seemed to be all in vain that I talked with her, explaining the atonement, quoting the simplest and strongest promises of the gospel, and urging her to an immediate and simple faith; it was all in vain that I prayed with and for her. At last, because—as it seemed—I could do nothing else, I began to sing that little hymn, the last verse of which goes,—

“Oh! bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;

Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory."

We had sung the whole hymn through, and were hushed into silence by the Spirit. During the singing of the last stanza, our friend had lifted her weeping face toward mine, and was looking intently and eagerly at me, as though she would fain drink in the words and power of the song. And now in the hush that was upon us, reaching out both her hands to me, she said, in a plaintive kind of whisper,—

"Please sing that last verse again."

And again we sang, softly and tenderly,—

"Oh! bear my longing soul to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory."

As the words and melody died away, the expression of her face changed; the darkness was overpast, and the light and gladness of His peace had come in the place of it; and with a cry of joy she turned and flung herself into the arms of her sister, who was standing near, exclaiming, "I am saved! I am saved!! Oh! blessed Jesus," &c.

Incidents of this kind might be multiplied, but this one may suffice to illustrate the power of song in the conversion of souls to God.

HYMNS IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

It would be easy to fill many pages with interesting facts in connection with the use of hymns in the public worship of the house of God. I have seen vast audiences melted and swayed by a simple hymn when they have been unmoved by a powerful presentation of the gospel from the pulpit. From close and repeated observation, I am persuaded that Mr. Spurgeon, the great metropolitan preacher of England, places great reliance on the use of his hymns in public worship. By them he prepares his vast audiences for the service that is to follow; and fastens his discourse with a hymn, which he always reads with great power, and which is sung by that vast choir of 7500 people with an effect that is indescribable. Indeed, the use of hymns in the service of the sanctuary, when in the hands of a pastor or leader who understands and feels the inspiration of them,

cannot be too highly estimated. It is a great pity that the power of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" has been so sadly weakened, if not utterly destroyed by the introduction of "fancy quartettes," who sing neither with the "spirit nor with the understanding," and who practically forbid any one else to sing. Lord, hasten the day when the service of song shall be restored to the people.

IN THE PRAYER-MEETING

Hymns are simply indispensable. A pastor *skilled in the use* of them holds the prayer-meeting almost absolutely in his power. An unfortunate or ill-timed address or exhortation may be covered by a hymn, and the people's hearts and minds brought back to God. A pungent address, a ringing testimony, or a prevailing prayer may be strongly supplemented and reinforced by a well chosen hymn promptly and sweetly sung, which, without giving out page or number, shall have sprung spontaneously from the lips of the pastor or *any* brother or sister in the congregation who has spiritual discernment. For myself I should feel utterly

lost, and without "sword" or "trowel" for the building and defence of the walls of Zion, if I were deprived of the "armory" and "kit" of hymns which God has given the church "to profit withal."

THE POWER OF SONG IN THE REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

I shall close this letter by giving a brief account of the triumph of song as seen in connection with the great revival, still progressing in mighty power in Scotland and Ireland. All know the story of the "two" simple-hearted and "unlearned" men—Moody and Sankey—who went more than a year ago, "led of the Spirit," to the British Isles, to preach and *sing* the gospel "there also." Moody with his open Bible, Sankey with his budget of stirring hymns, and his sweet God-given and sanctified voice. It is exceedingly doubtful, judging from all the testimony I could gather, which had the more to do in the awakening and refreshing Scotland and Ireland have received at their hands. Probably Moody's preaching and Sankey's singing—one with sim-

ple words of truth, the other with sweetest song—represent a two-edged instrument which the Holy Spirit has been pleased to use in the accomplishment of this mighty work. But certain it is that whoever visits Scotland for years to come will know that *Sankey* has been there, for he has sung a hundred sweet songs into the hearts and spiritual lives of more than *twenty thousand* converts to Jesus, and has filled the whole land, Highlands and Lowlands, with their sacred echoes.

Eminent Scotch clergymen told me, while in conversation with them on this subject, that it was Sankey's singing that melted the hearts of the people and made an open door for Moody with his Bible lessons, for such they were rather than sermons. Of course this is not mentioned to disparage the *preaching* of the gospel—God forbid—but only to show the relation of song to the spoken word. This service of song in Scotland was not a passing gift—it is a permanent legacy. None may reproduce Moody's matchless Bible expositions, but all Scotland for years to come will sing Sankey's songs.

It was in the Barkley church in Edinburgh where these apostles of the Word and song began their work, having been invited thither by the noble pastor, Rev. James Wilson, who was an advanced advocate of "*hymns and spiritual songs*," as well as "*psalms*." I was in that church, the guest of the pastor, during a crowded Thursday evening prayer-meeting. In deference to the time-honored custom of the Scotch, Mr. Wilson gave out a paraphrase of one of David's psalms. The congregation did bravely and well, considering the meter and the melody (?). But after the meeting was formally opened, the book of Paraphrases was quietly tucked under the pulpit and one of our little American hymns announced:—

‘I hear thy gentle voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee;
For cleansing in the precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.’

In a twinkling every one present whipped out of pocket a little penny copy of "Sankey's Hymns;" every face was radiant, and every voice was vocal. The house seemed filled with the Spirit, and every heart seemed to be

pouring out its faith and hope to God in the hymn that had in all probability led many of those present to Christ, and had quickened the faith and hope of all. I hope the Paraphrases will not be given up, and I am sure they will not; but they will be improved, some of them, and sung all the better for the baptism that they are being baptized with — how are they straitened until it be accomplished. I witnessed the same effect in Dr. Wallace's great congregation in Glasgow, the same in Dr. Bonar's church, the same in the great noonday meetings in Assembly Hall, and in other places that I visited. Indeed, Scotland is ringing with songs and gladness to-day. Riding once from Ayr to Glasgow on a third-class train crowded with the "common people," who had been off on some excursion, my ears were filled all the way with the melody of those revival hymns, which rose ever and anon above the noise of the rushing train, and rang out clear and beautiful when we stopped for a few moments at the stations along the line. It seemed as though we were on board the very car of salvation, being speeded

along by bands of singing angels come to convey us.

Again, one Sunday evening I left my hotel in Glasgow to go to Dr. Andrew Bonar's church, some two miles distant. On my way I was treated to a novel spectacle, and one which was repeated every few hundred yards until I reached the church. I will describe one: I had gone but a little way from the hotel when my ears were greeted with the familiar strains:—

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

Looking ahead of me I saw a crowd, from whence came the singing. Pressing up I joined the multitude of men, women and children gathered about a little band of brothers and sisters in the Lord, who were holding a service of song on the street corner. This little company could not *preach*, in the technical sense of that word, but they could *sing* the glad gospel out on the evening air, and thus say to all, “come!” I

was very deeply impressed with their simple service, for they were evidently engaging in it as a matter that was to be done unto the Lord. As they passed from the singing of one hymn to another, sometimes slipping in a brief prayer between, I noted the effect upon the crowd. Though made up mostly of the street rabble, such as is seen only in the large cities of Great Britain, it was hushed into quiet, and even eager attention to the singing. My attention was called to some faces grown serious and thoughtful as they hearkened to words of love and hope, and more than once I saw the tears stealing down the grim cheek of some sinner unused to weep. Thus was God at work in those neglected hearts, and doubtless His dear love crept into many a soul through those songs. As I have already said, these singing bands with their attendant crowds were stationed all the way down the long street to the church, at intervals of a few hundred yards, and doubtless other of the principal streets of the city were similarly occupied. In no other way, it seems to me, could the gospel

have been so effectually preached to that class of people.

At Dr. Bonar's church, which I reached at last, I found the same programme, only a little extended. There was no preacher—it was vacation time—but a few earnest brethren were occupying the platform, who in turn would speak a few words, perhaps relate some incident connected with the great revival, or rehearse the story of some remarkable conversion, and then a hymn would be announced—for instance:—

“I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,”

and then the whole congregation worshipping God would fill the church with the sound of their song.

These incidents, as those of the other classes given above, might be multiplied, but perhaps enough has been said.

In concluding this letter, will it be out of place to express the hope and venture the prediction that this revival of sacred song is the forerunner or first fruits of a general

revival of religion in the church of God? I believe it, and hail it as one who, watching for the morning, hails the gray dawn and roseate light in the East. "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

“TO THEE ALL ANGELS CRY ALOUD.”

WHILE all the floors in Westminster Abbey (and cloister and yard as well), tell us of death, the windows above are every year being more and more enriched with stained glass that sheds its benediction of mellowed sunlight upon the tombs as if in promise of the morning, and instead of sad, grave scenes, the windows are arranged to illustrate the great “Te Deum” of the church by their pictures and words. One of them represents the angels in the attitude of praise, and around the arches are the words,—

“To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.”

Six other windows represent the prophets, to picture that verse, “The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.”

Other windows are to represent the martyrs, in fire and agony, to embody that verse, “The noble army of the martyrs praise thee.”

Yet other windows are to have the pictures of the apostles silently expressing the thought, "The glorious company of the apostles praise thee."

Even above the tomb, faith can raise the voice of triumph and thanksgiving, and see upon the grave the rays of heavenly light.

Not only angels, but men also can lift their songs of praise. Not only in our lives may we praise God, but after death, the echoes of our song and the memories of our deeds, like those of prophets and apostles, shall praise him.

Standing by the side of those tombs with the transfigured sunlight falling through the windows on the cold marble, and the inscriptions of praise above us, there came to mind the words of Alice Cary's "Dying Hymn,"—

"My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight ;
The shadows that I feared so long,
Are all alive with light."

We would have the Trophies of Song that have been gathered in this book, like the windows of Westminster Abbey, picture and illustrate the grand songs of the church.

W. F. C.

Famous Islands and Memorable Voyages.

Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. Price, \$1.00.

It is neatly printed, beautifully bound and handsomely illustrated. The sketches are of reliable, historical interest. Where all of the sketches are so instructive and entertaining it is hardly worth while to particularize. Yet, we will say that St. Helena, and

Napoleon's imprisonment there, the strange and wonderful tale of Pitcairn Islands, and the touching account of the slaying of the intrepid discoverer, Capt. Cook, by Sandwich savages, give the book a thrilling fascination.—*The Contributor.*

Ben's Boyhood. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen. Price, 75 cents.

A real, life-like story, giving us the experiences of an orphan boy adopted by a poor relative, and who sought and found ways in which to express his gratitude, build up a fine character and send back the kindness he had received in a tide of blessing

upon those who had served him in his time of need. The style is simple and pleasant, and the whole tone of the story is high and grateful. The little people will get pleasure and profit out of it.—*Watchman & Reflector.*

Broken Fetters. By L. L., author of "Evening Rest" and "Branches of Palm." 16mo. Price, \$1.50.

Broken Fetters is a volume written with a high aim and an earnest spirit. It takes the form of a story, and seeks to show how the most earnest, skilful and persistent efforts at self-

regeneration and the purification of society are sure to fail when the gospel is set aside and the superhuman forces offered by religion are left unused.—*The Enquirer.*

Myths and Heroes; or, The Childhood of the World.

Edited by S. F. Smith, D. D. Price, \$1.75.

"Myths and Heroes" deserves a cordial welcome. It presents, in an attractive form, for young people, the recent theories of the growth of civilization from the stone age to the present time. It recounts also the classical fables and myths which have been so delightful to young im-

aginations, and tests them by a Christian standard. It makes an instructive volume, and helps one to understand better the changes which the Christian religion has wrought in belief and in social life.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Davy's Jacket. By Hetta L. H. Ward. Price, 75 cents.

Is a delightful story, if a book with so little plot can be called a story rather than a sketch. It will have a distinct influence for good on the

child that reads it, and we hope its Christianity and purity and grace will be known by many a youngster. *The New York Independent.*

RECENT BOOKS.

A Little Woman. By *Ella Farman* Price. \$1.00.

Boston; D. Lothrop & Co.

It was a bold experiment to select a title which reminds every reader of Miss Alcott's charming story. But the boldness is warranted by the character of the work. It is a sweet and fascinating picture of life, and is

worthy of a place by its side in the family. No one can begin to read without finishing it, and no one can read it without longing and struggling to lead a noble life.—*Boston Daily Journal.*

St. Augustine's Ladder. By *Annette Lucille Noble.*

Price, \$1.50.

The general idea which it illustrates is that we rise "from stepping stones" of our "dead selves to higher things. The title refers to that mystic ladder, whose rounds were conquered—frailties, weaknesses and vice—which St. Augustine pointed

out to hampered souls, centuries ago. The style of the book is bright and crisp, the incidents interesting, and the purpose noble. There is humor as well as sentiment in the volume.—*E. P. Whipple, in the Boston Daily Globe.*

The King's Daughter. By *Pansy.* Price, \$1.50.

A capital book showing the good accomplished through the efforts of a young girl for the reformation of those around her. Though only the daughter of a tavern-keeper, she was also "daughter of the Great King"; and through his name came

the victory. The author not only knows how to interest its readers by introducing earnest, lifelike characters, but inspires them with a desire to "go and do likewise." *National Temperance Advocate.*

African Adventure and Adventurers. Edited by

G. T. Day, D. D. Profusely Illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

This volume begins the new series, and is a good specimen to win favor. It gives a brief summary of the knowledge of Africa acquired by the travels of Bruce, and Speke, and Baker, and Livingstone, combining with the narrative religious comments and reflections which are both nat-

ural and impressive. The style is pleasant, the incidents are amusing and instructive, and the volume gives in concise form what has been learned of Africa by the enterprise of modern travellers.—*Dr. Lincoln, in Watchman & Reflector.*

RECENT BOOKS.

A Girl's Money. By Ella Farman. Price, \$1.00.

Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Those who have read "A Little Woman" and "Grandma Crosby's Household" will be delighted to find their favorite characters in new scenes and relations, with none of the old charm lost. To those unacquainted with the former volumes, this one will be attractive. The

characters are natural, the story full of interest and variety, and the dialogue fresh and sparkling. The volume is one of the kind that children love to read, and that wise parents like to put in their hands.--*Watchman and Reflector.*

The Tropics. By Uncle Ned. 16mo, seventeen illustrations. Price, \$1.25.

It gives valuable information about animals, and insects, and trees, and fruits in the tropics, embodying the latest results of scientific inquiry. It leads, also, youthful minds to notice the proofs of the Divine wisdom and goodness controlling the

life of nature, and the information and moral lessons are given in an easy and conversational way, which awakens curiosity and sustains interest in the youngest reader.--*The Boston Daily Journal.*

The Fisher Boy; or, Michael Penguin. By William H. G. Kingston. Price, \$1.00.

We enjoy the heroism, the hardihood, bigheartedness, the honesty and the genuine piety of the hero of the story, and of "Paul." The story abounds in thrilling narratives of "hair-bredth escapes" on the sea in a fisherman's life, and gives a life-like description of the humble but perilous occupation of English

fishermen, portrays the loveliness and simplicity of "Nelly," the every-day religion of "Grandmother," and the devoted, but deeply disappointed attachment of the brave-hearted "Eban," no one who begins to read the book will lay it aside until it is finished.--*Christian Era.*

Wise and Otherwise. By Pansy, author of "Three People," "Ester Ried," etc. Price, \$1.50.

Words of commendation would give but a faint idea of the truths and beauties of this excellent work. It must be read to be appreciated. Any one who has read the lives of the "Reid" sisters, will recognize some of the same characters, and will

readily perceive that the spirit of peace which the presence of Cousin Abbie always brought, still broods over this volume, and tends to cause the "wilderness to blossom like the rose.--*Baptist Union.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOUSEHOLD PUZZLES. By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo, illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

Pansy's stories are sure to find readers, for she has a rare art in drawing characters to the life, and in telling a story naturally. The "Household Puzzles" are common to many families where there is a perpetual struggle to make a small income cover large expences. The trials of such a family are told with great power, and many readers will recall similar scenes in their own experience.

Pansy has a high ideal of Christian character, and paints in vivid pictures the inconsistencies of church members whose daily life is not regulated by Christian principle. But in this book, as in her previous volumes, she has some charming examples of consistent lives, honoring the Saviour and winning others by their beauty and sincerity. The tone of the book is healthy, the style natural, the dialogue spirited, and the whole impression admirable.

STELLA AND THE PRIEST. Or, The Star of Rockburn. By Laurie Loring. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo, illustrated. Price. \$1.50.

This is a timely book; for the Jesuits, banished from Germany and Switzerland, are flocking to this country, as a promising field in which to win converts by their arts. We know little of their subtle policy, and unscrupulous measures, which they justify by the maxim that whatever helps the church is right. The author has drawn a vivid picture of the perils to which Protestants are exposed in Catholic schools; and of the utter disregard of truth and honor and right, to which Jesuits are trained in the service of the Romish church. It is a good book for the family and the Sunday school. Romanism grows bolder daily, and it is well for all Protestants to be forewarned of her policy, in view of coming struggles. The characters are strongly drawn and the story has an intense excitement for the reader.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

BOOK NOTICES.

THE MARBLE PREACHER is the somewhat unique title of a new juvenile volume from the house of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. It is borrowed from a singular and significant piece of carving done by a Christian captive in his dungeon, representing the elements of a true Christian character, and the method of their development. All this is brought out in a story whose scene is laid partly in Germany and partly in America, in which some fine and fresh characters conspicuously figure, and whose literary art and moral tone are far above the average level. Mabel Marsdon finely sets forth the work of religion upon the heart of an intelligent and earnest-hearted young girl, while the grand simplicity of Herr Krause, the German professor, the human saintliness of his sister Gretchen, the fashionable follies of Misses Eunice and Sadie, the sad fate of wealthy and pleasure-loving Frank Cantrell, and especially the long estrangement and final reunion of two noble and sympathetic hearts, combine to supply many rare elements of interest in a volume that is worthy of strong approval.

D. Lothrop & Co's Publications.—The publishing house and bookstore of D. Lothrop & Co., 38 and 40 Cornhill, is, in its special departments, one of the most enterprising in Boston. It has the largest assortment of Bibles, American and imported, to be found in the country; and its new issues of Sunday School books are the best, or among the best that are offered to the public.

We like both the spirit and the literary finish of Mr. Lothrop's Sunday School stories. They do not so much aim to teach evangelical truth in a conventional or technical way, as to incline the reader to goodness by the force of beautiful and healthy examples. They are selected with great discrimination and care. We have already noticed and commended some of the books of the new "\$1000 Prize Series," published by this firm. Another book of the same series, which we have just examined, entitled "Ralph's Possession," is worthy of the company in which it finds itself, in that it aims to make clear those theological points that often unsettle the minds of the young, and to show the simplicity of experimental religion. Among other books to which our attention has been called, are Miss Eastman's charming stories of the "Romneys," "Dr. Placid's Patients," by Una Locke Bailey, and "Agnes and her Neighbors," by Frances Lee Pratt.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lothrop is about to issue a series of historical books by Dr. S. F. Smith; a series of books on church history; by Dr. Heman Lincoln, and a series of books on travel, by that accomplished editor and traveller, Dr. G. T. Day. We would recommend an examination of Mr. L.'s catalogues by all who are selecting or replenishing Sunday School Libraries. They are most of them creditable alike to literature and to evangelical truth.—*Rev. H. Butterworth, D.D. in Youth's Companion*

BOOK NOTICES.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE. BY ANNIE MARCH. BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO.

We've read this book with real pleasure: One of the "Thousand Dollar Prize Series," it abounds in sterling common sense, sound principles, and a pure, practical piety. It has a healthy fragrance about it from first to last. True to Nature, it has a Spring-like freshness and vivacity, you find in it buds, blossoms, bird-song, sunshine, and merry life. At the same time it has, in parts, a dash of Autumn; just enough to make it sweetly pensive. The vernal and the autumnal gracefully meet and mingle. If the story, so true and so tender, never rises to the loftiest heights, it never sinks to a dead and dreary level. A grand nature is that of old "Aunt Faith," putting her life into the noble and self-denying service of rearing up for this life and the next, five orphan nieces and nephews. The book has *virtue* in it.—*Christian Era*.

FINISHED OR NOT. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FABRICS." BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS. 1873. 12mo. pp. 360.

FINISHED OR NOT is every way worthy of the author, who has heretofore given ample proof of exceptional ability in dealing in an entertaining and popular way with some of the deeper problems of life. We have her thoughts on great themes embodied in the form of a story, and she sets forth the qualities that she would exalt in a gallery of portraits. She is never feeble, never superficial, never heedless, never doubtful in her moral teaching; but her calm and thoughtful strength often comes out so that it sparkles, and stirs, and magnetizes, and lifts the reader as into a higher realm of life. For thoughtful, reflective and appreciative young people, the book will have a special charm and a large value.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

WILL PHILLIPS; OR, UPS AND DOWNS IN CHRISTIAN BOY-LIFE. Pp. 363. D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS.

WILL PHILLIPS is a book especially meant for wide-awake boys. It shows that the author understands them, sympathizes with them, has a high appreciation of their best qualities, and a generous side for their excesses and faults. It is a fine exhibition of life at a large school for boys, setting forth the wholesome stimulants and the strong and subtle temptations met in such a sphere, and especially showing how a Christian character and life may be there maintained in connection with an earnest, generous, gleeful, boyish enthusiasm,—how an Academy pupil may be voted "a real good fellow" without a dissenting voice by the most audacious and jolly of his companions, and at the same time be so thoroughly true to the Great Master as to make every one confess the presence and power of the godly element. The book is thoroughly wholesome, it is written with ability and skill, and its vital interest is maintained even to the closing paragraph.—*Boston Daily Journal*.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE AULD SCOTCH MITHER, AND OTHER POEMS. IN THE DIALECT OF BURNS. BY J. E. RANKIN. ILLUSTRATED BY HERPICK AND OTHERS. BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO. 1873. 12mo. Pp. 125.

Most careful readers of the higher specimens of the better class of newspapers have seen occasional poems by Dr. Rankin circulating about, distinguished alike for the flexible accuracy with which they have reproduced the old Scotch dialect that Burns made at once popular and famous, and for the genuinely Christian domesticity which saturates them through and through. Some of them have been widely copied and strongly complimented, and they richly deserved the distinction. These, with not a few others that had never before come to the public eye, are here collected into a tasteful and well-illustrated volume, and are now sent forth on their pleasant and peculiar errand. It is a unique literary offering which they make up, redolent of the glens and hights, the brigs and lochs, the forest and heather, the castles of the by-gone time, and the pleasant homes of the present which are peculiar to Scotland. Not a few of the pieces have in them the sweetness of a musical rhythm and the sensibility of a brave and tender soul. None are feeble or commonplace, and some of them possess a merit, both in substance and form, that would be noticeable among the products of those whose songs have made melody for a continent.—Rev. Dr. Day in *Morning Star*.

LITTLE THREE-YEAR-OLD. BY MRS. C. E. K. DAVIS. BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS. 16mo. pp. 164. 75 c.

Mrs. Davis, in her sketches of little three-year-old Tina, has shown that she understands and sympathizes with childhood, knows its experiences and fancies, apprehends what is peculiar in its prose and its poetry, and can paint it with such a real life-likeness that it comes out from the covers of her book and stands forth a living, breathing, exhilarating thing. Belonging to the same department of literature as Sophie May's Doty Dimple and Prudy Books, it is every way worthy to stand beside them on the shelf. It is a taking little book which she has wrought out, and she need not fear but that her readers will plead for more of the same sort.—*Methodist Home Journal*.

MYSTERY OF THE LODGE. BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO. 1873. 12 mo. pp. 388.

A thoroughly good book. Miss Chellis never fails to write with vivacity and a high moral aim. She is effective even when failing to be artistic, and one feels the strong beating of a true heart. In the *Mystery of the Lodge* she seems chiefly aiming to set forth the superior value of a genial, sunny, sympathetic, helpful religion, over that which is dogmatic, formal, stern and cynical,—to show how Christian love in the heart rises above systematic theology in the head. In bringing out this lesson she sketches for us a variety of interesting characters, and fills her narratives and colloquies with a zest and magnetism that forbid the reader to grow dull.—*Morning Star*.

FAITHFUL BUT NOT FAMOUS. A HISTORICAL TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOLDIER FRITZ," &c BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS. 1873. 16mo. pp. 305.

This volume gives a most interesting account of the origin and early progress of the Protestant Reformation in France. It carries us back three centuries, and sets us down in the very midst of the life prevailing at that early day both at the French capital and in the provinces. The real history has been followed, and most of the events recorded are such as are familiar to all careful readers of historical literature. More or less of the prominent personages of that period are dealt with, and the narratives and portraiture exhibit real skill. It is a species of literature that is every day gaining in prominence, and that does a very wholesome work. The book shows that fiction is not essential to a vital interest, that valuable knowledge may be given in a most entertaining form, and that the great struggles between good and evil that have shaken the world and that are still to go on till the truth becomes triumphant, may enlist the strongest sympathy of those who have yet to find and perform the most important part of their work in the world. Such books as this can hardly be multiplied too freely or be commended to the young in too emphatic a way.
—*Pastor and People.*

THE BLOUNT FAMILY. BY REV. THERON BROWN.

D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON. Pp. 459. ILLUSTRATED. \$1.50.

This is one of the "One Thousand Dollar Prize Series," and, in our judgment, is the best story that Mr. Brown has written. In style it is unusually discriminating and careful, and it abounds with scenes of domestic life, which are so striking, yet so true to human nature, so finely descriptive and so happily penned, that they seem to bring the reader into close companionship with the characters of the narrative. The two boys are traced along a checkered but significant career, from the early period when they lost their father, to early and noble manhood. But the story of the mother's devotion, and energy, and pluck, and womanly trust, is especially stimulating and valuable as a practical lesson. It is one of the few books that will repay a second reading.—*Youth's Companion.*

This is a good book. The difference between real religion and the superficial is clearly marked, and the power of the genuine strikingly illustrated. "An unaided woman makes a home for herself, and, actuated by the fear of God and the instincts of holy affection, is assured of being blessed and protected, and becomes the means of helping others onward and upward."

The story must awaken a new admiration for a mother's love, and strengthen that faith which is more than knowledge and the hope that outlives hardship and wrong. It is shown that piety and good sense will make the poor prosperous, the sweet excellencies of patience, self-denial, industry, cheerfulness and filial duty are illustrated, and reverence for justice, temperance, truth purity, and the Bible are inculcated.—*Christian Era.*

BOURDALOUE AND LOUIS XIV, OR THE PREACHER AND THE KING, translated from the French of L. L. F. Bungener, Geneva, (12th edition) with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. We think Messrs. Lothrop & Co. deserve the thanks of the reading community for the handsomely got up edition of the 'Bungener Historical Series' they are now publishing; it will prove a most valuable addition to the Literature of the season. Mons. Bungener's writings, while possessing all the fascination of romance are pre-eminent for truthfulness. "Truthfulness in the design, truthfulness in the details, truthfulness from first to last reigns supreme in M. Bungener's productions." No author imparts a more vivid reality to his impersonations. Whether he conducts us to the splendors of Versailles, ushering us into the presence of him who pervaded all with his majesty, whether we pace up and down with him the Philosopher's Walk, listening to the eloquently pious discourses there; or, whether we draw our breath trembling at the dread conflict engaged between the Preacher and the King, we yield ourselves to the magic illusion with the unreasoning, intuitive confidence which the truthfulness of genius never fails to inspire.'—*Boston Cultivator*.

D. Lothrop & Co., have commenced the publication of a series of historical romances from the pen of L. L. F. Bungener, a Protestant minister at Geneva. The first volume of the series, entitled *Bourdaloue and Louis XIV., or The Preacher and the King*, has been already issued, accompanied by a biographical sketch of the author. This book has reached its twelfth or thirteenth edition in the original; and its popularity is chiefly to be attributed to the fact that it presents the events of history accurately and faithfully, at the same time that it weaves in with them a thread of romance which makes the narrative as entertaining as it is instructive. The other volumes in the series are "Louis XV., and His Times, or The Priest and the Huguenot," "Rabaut and Bridaine" and "The Tower of Constance." Price, \$1.50. each.—*Boston Daily Journal*.

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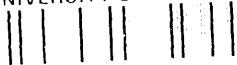
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